

The Daily Mirror

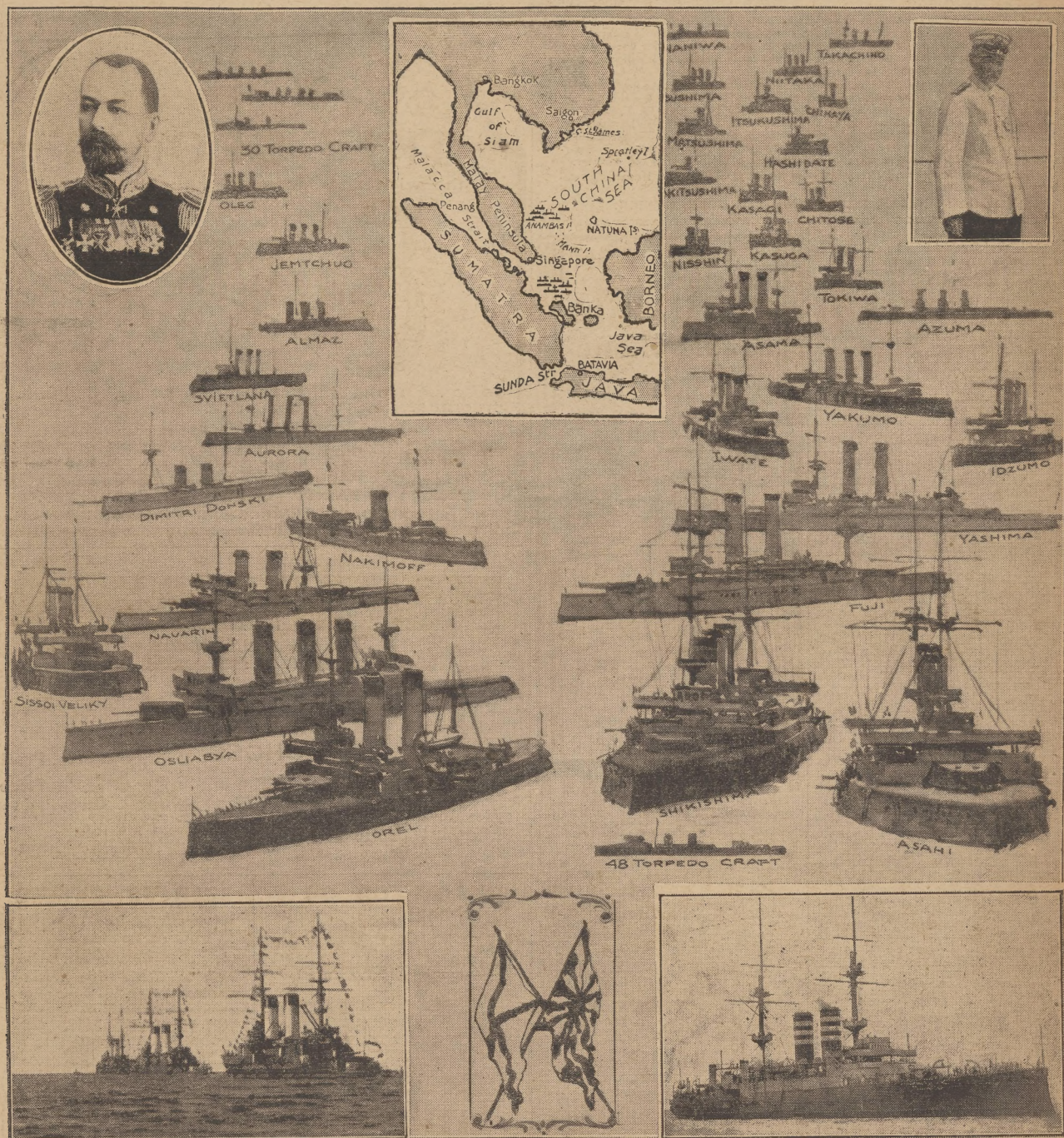
No. 450.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

THE HOSTILE FLEETS—NAVAL STRENGTH OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN COMPARED.



A pictorial summary of the strengths of the hostile fleets in Far Eastern waters. Admiral Rojestvensky, whose portrait appears on the left, has under his command seven battleships, eleven cruisers, and about thirty torpedo-boats and destroyers. Admiral Togo, whose portrait is on the right, has five battleships, nineteen cruisers, and forty-eight torpedo craft. The Russian flagship Suvoroff is leading the lower line of Russian ships on the left, and the Japanese flagship, the Mikasa, is on the right. The Russian fleet is much weaker than it appears on paper—the bottoms of the ships are foul, and their speed is consequently diminished, while the fleet has many useless and unprotected vessels.

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WHERE IS ADMIRAL TOGO?

Formosan Harbour of Kelung
His Probable Base.

TORPEDO WARFARE.

Japan Will Seek to Avoid a
General Engagement.

By A NAVAL EXPERT.

Where is Togo?

The question that we have all been asking each other since Rojstvensky left Madagascar seems at last in a fair way to being answered.

It is reasonable to assume that there is some very good reason for the action taken by the Japanese authorities at Kilung (or Kelung), in the north of Formosa, of closing the harbour to foreign vessels; and what better reason could there be than that Admiral Togo intends to make that port his base of operations?

Beyond this the whereabouts of the Japanese Admiral is still unknown, and since there is no information to show that Rojstvensky has sent out scouting cruisers ahead he is probably as much in the dark as we are. Not only that, but Rojstvensky is trying himself to play his enemy's game by disseminating through correspondents at various Eastern ports false and conflicting accounts of his strength and position.

ROJSTVENSKY'S CHANCES.

In the event of a stand-up fight, Rojstvensky would stand no great chance of success. In the tactics that Togo must of necessity pursue his outlook is still more hopeless.

Despite his obvious superiority, it is improbable that Togo will take the risk of a big fleet action. He cannot afford to throw away any one of his battle units, for the fate of the Japanese army in Manchuria depends absolutely upon the maintenance of free overseas communication, which, if Togo suffered any considerable loss, would be seriously endangered.

Some 4,000 miles behind Rojstvensky is Admiral Nebogatoff, with a squadron of four battleships and one armoured cruiser. Actually they do not compose a very powerful force, but they would add materially to Russia's chances if they arrived on the scene after several of the Japanese vessels had been sunk or disabled.

Then, again, Russia has two fine battleships steadily approaching completion at home, and six others are being rapidly pushed forward.

TOGO'S PROBABLE TACTICS.

These facts Admiral Togo cannot and will not ignore. The chances are that he will meet the situation in a very effective and startling fashion by a daring repetition of the tactics with which he opened the war—i.e., by torpedo attacks on the Russian fleet while at anchor.

Togo has over ninety torpedo craft; the Russian fleet is at anchor among the Annam Islands, 150 miles north-east of Singapore, and within easy striking distance of the torpedo base, which the Japanese are reported to have established somewhere in the Malay Peninsula.

The number of torpedo craft at the disposal of Rojstvensky would be powerless to ward off a swarm of these vessels. Given a dark night, and a display of that courage which we know is never lacking in our gallant allies, and—well, half a dozen torpedo-boats would be well sacrificed in the destruction of a battleship.

Rojstvensky's hope lies in action—decisive and immediate. Togo's in the avoidance of fleet engagements and the effective use of his mosquito fleet.

The brains will have fought the battle long before the guns have found the range.

"GO TO SAVE RUSSIA."

Tsar Commands Rojstvensky to Leave
Madagascar.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A telegram from St. Petersburg gives the following account of some incidents there which determined the dispatch of Admiral Rojstvensky's fleet from Madagascar to the China Sea.

The Admiral recently telegraphed to St. Petersburg demanding orders, and saying that he could not remain for ever at Madagascar. His vessels were becoming foul, owing to their remaining at anchor for such a long time, and he feared that they would soon be unable to go in any direction.

Admiral Avellan, on receiving the telegram, went to the Tsar, who was in his private cabinet with Count Lamsdorff discussing the question of peace. The Tsar did not wish to talk of peace, and re-

marked, "If I sign peace with one hand I ought to sign my abdication with the other."
Admiral Avellan held out Admiral Rojstvensky's telegram to his Majesty, who, after reflection for some time, said, "Rojstvensky must go." He then wrote the following telegram to the admiral: "Go, God with you, to save Russia, and preserve for her her place in the waters of the world."

1,000,000 JAPANESE SOLDIERS.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—Japan is preparing to send strong reinforcements to Manchuria. It is expected that by the autumn the Japanese forces will number a million men, including 700,000 in the fighting line.—Reuter.

WAR RISKS DOUBLED.

Underwriters Moved by the Fear of Submarine Mines.

The appearance of the Russian fleet at Singapore had the instant effect of doubling the rates of insurance for vessels between that port and China and Japan.

"The sole reason for this," the *Daily Mirror* was informed at Lloyd's yesterday, "is the Russian reputation for wanton mischief-making and muddle. It is all due to the North Sea incident."

"But the carrying of the war into China seas adds definite risks to navigation which must cause a rise in insurance rates. There is, for instance, the enormously-increased danger from floating mines."

"It is hardly credible that Togo will drop submarine mines in the path of the Russian vessels in the open sea. Nevertheless, there are underwriters who believe he will."

"Clients attending the Russian fleet (further East than Singapore, up to which point it was never expected they would reach, do so at their own risk. It would be impossible to insure them with English underwriters."

STORM DELAYS THE KING.

Their Majesties Detained at Port Mahon—
Visit to a Famous Church.

In consequence of stormy weather, the Victoria and Albert, with the King and Queen on board, which started from Port Mahon for Palma yesterday, had to put back into harbour.

In the afternoon their Majesties went for a motor-car drive, and were warmly received by the inhabitants.

An interesting excursion was made by the King and Queen on Monday.

They went to hear the famous organ at the Santa Maria. The Princess Victoria also visited this edifice. Her Royal Highness is much impressed in health.

The King has presented a diamond pin to the British Vice-Consul of Port Mahon, to whom he addressed a very gracious letter.

NERVOUS SENTRY.

Wealthy Citizen of Metz Shot Dead by an
Over-Anxious Soldier.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—Acting for the first time as sentinal near the gunpowder stores at Metz, a musketeer named Boehle, hearing footsteps, challenged thrice. There was no response, and he fired.

It was a wealthy resident named Baugener, who fell dead. He had to pass that way to reach his home, and knew no German, so could not understand the sentry.

The soldier has been sentenced by a court-martial to eight months' imprisonment for "making an improper use of his firearms."

MANY EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS.

The latest returns concerning the earthquake in India show (according to Reuter) that about ten thousand persons perished in the Kangra district and 3,000 in the Palampur sub-district.

Supplementing the Government relief fund, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab has opened a public subscription for the sufferers from the earthquake. The Viceroy heads the list with 10,000 rupees.

Further shocks were experienced yesterday at Simla.

REBELS' HEADS AT 8s. EACH.

Eight shillings was offered by the Government of Morocco for every head of a rebel taken in the recent fight at Ujda, says a Reuter message from Algiers; consequently the rebel corpses were decapitated. On the field were found the fragments of the pretender's only cannon.

SHAH TO VISIT EUROPE.

TEHRAN, Tuesday.—It is semi-officially announced that the Shah will leave for Europe at the end of the month, travelling by way of Resht and Baku.—Reuter.

NURSERY OF GENTLEMEN.

Lord Rosebery Pays a Tribute to
Eton's Late "Head."

"MAN AMONGST MEN."

The position of headmaster of Eton is of far more importance than that of a Secretary of State, because I do not think that any thoughtful person would put the importance of a Secretaryship of State in comparison with that of a position which governed the training of most of the future Secretaries of State.

Thus spoke Lord Rosebery at the Westminster Palace Hotel yesterday in addressing an influential meeting of Old Etonians, convened to inaugurate a movement to raise a memorial to Dr. Warre, who has recently resigned the headmastership of Eton.

Dr. Warre's services to Eton, remarked his lordship, ranged over a great space of time.

It was fifty-one years, he thought, since he gained "The Newcastle," which ought to be, but he was afraid was not, the Blue Riband of an Etonian's career, and it was forty-five years since he joined the educational staff of Eton as an assistant master. It was twenty-one years ago when he was raised to one of the supreme positions in the kingdom—that of the headmastership of Eton.

The position of headmaster of Eton was unique in this country in its power and results.

So far as he could trace the secret of his success, it was his intense manliness. He was a man among men.

An influential committee was appointed.

DUKE TO BE CLERK.

His Grace of Manchester to Start Railway
Work at the Bottom of the Ladder.

The Duke of Manchester, according to a Laffan telegram from New York, will join the staff of the Pere Marquette Railway.

Mr. Zimmerman, his father-in-law, says the Duke will be trained to undertake the management of a large railway.

No favours will be shown him, and he will have to begin at the bottom of the ladder.

His position will depend upon his commercial aptitude.

PRISONER IN AN ENGINE.

Locomotive Has To Be Taken to Pieces to
Release Workman.

Last night Joseph Ollier, an engine-fitter, employed by the London and North-Western Railway Company at Crewe, had a remarkable adventure.

Repairing a locomotive, he had occasion to get inside the water tank, the inlet of which is exceedingly small. He got in with little difficulty, but was horrified to find that he could not get out. And other workmen could not pull him out.

Ollier became exhausted, and lay in the tank unconscious, while a number of mechanics took the engine to pieces and released him. He now lies in the railway hospital.

FICKLE APRIL.

Cold Snap Followed by a Spell of Rain and
Milder Weather.

After the long rainfall yesterday was so "stuffy" and damp that people began to talk of a record heat for April.

But in point of fact the highest temperature in London was 56deg., only 5deg. higher than Monday's reading.

The warmest day in April last year was 69deg. The highest recorded for the month was 82deg., on April 20, 1893. A temperature of 70deg. is not at all uncommon.

The coldest for the month is 27deg., which has been recorded five times in separate years since 1873. The coldest day in April last year was the 22nd, when the reading was 35deg.

LONDON'S NEXT CENSUS.

The London County Council last night decided to ask the Government to introduce a Bill this session providing for a census of the metropolis next year, the cost to be paid out of the Equalisation Fund.

CROWN PRINCE'S NARROW ESCAPE

BERLIN, Tuesday.—The evening papers report that the Crown Prince has met with an accident while driving a coach and four along a country lane near Potsdam.

The coach ran into a wall with considerable force. The Prince escaped injury, but the coach was wrecked.—Central News.

IS SIR A. MACDONNELL TO RESIGN?

Mr. Long Determined To Be Master
In His Own Office.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Is Sir Antony Macdonnell, whose devolution operations led to Mr. Wyndham's resignation, about to be dismissed?

Amid exultant cheers from the Ulster Unionists, who have threatened to give Sir Antony no quarter, Mr. Long yesterday informed Mr. Sloan in the House of Commons that he entirely dissociated himself from the idea of treating Sir Antony as a colleague rather than as an Under-Secretary.

"The relations between the Under-Secretary and myself," said Mr. Long with marked emphasis, "must be the same as those which have existed between myself and the permanent heads of other departments with which I have been connected."

"The Under-Secretary has the right to express an opinion upon any administrative act or matter of policy, but everything will be under the Chief Secretary's control and subject to his approval."

"If that involves a change, then there certainly will be a change."

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—Mr. Chamberlain is again busy in the Lobby to-day, discussing with his supporters the line of action to be taken at Thursday's meeting of the tariff reform party.

Many people take the view that Mr. Chamberlain intends on that occasion to declare war against the Government, but I have the best reasons for believing that he will do everything to impress upon his followers that their first duty is to support Mr. Balfour's Administration.

The ex-Colonial Secretary is not anxious to have the responsibility cast upon him of breaking the Unionist Party in two, and it is this fear that has induced him to come to an understanding as to the date of the general election.

I have excellent authority for stating that the late member for Brighton, Mr. Gerald Loder, has intimated his readiness to resign the office of Junior Lord of the Treasury, and it is likely that Mr. Balfour will take advantage of this offer and appoint a successor.

For the moment, however, the Prime Minister has not been able to find anyone with a majority large enough to risk a by-election, but it is thought that before long a New Whip will be appointed.

It is now practically certain that the House will rise for the Easter vacation on Wednesday morning of next week for a fortnight, and that Monday and Tuesday will be occupied by the Government introducing the principal Bills of the session.

LORDS AND THE COLONIES.

Spirited Debate on the Colonial Conference
in the Gilded Chamber.

A most important debate took place in the House of Lords yesterday on the subject of the proposed Colonial Conference, Lord Balfour of Burleigh making a resolution opposing the Conference until the constituencies had been consulted.

In declaring the determination of the Government to oppose the motion, the Duke of Marlborough repeated Mr. Balfour's declaration that if the Conservatives were returned to power at the next general election a Colonial Conference would be summoned.

Earl Beauchamp said the Colonies were being grossly misled if they believed that his Majesty's Government were ready to tax the food of the people of this country without getting some return for it.

The Earl of Lytton said Mr. Chamberlain's proposals would never be submitted to the country for its decision unless they happened to coincide with those which might be made by the Colonial Conference. The whole question was relegated to the dim and distant future.

The Earl of Crewe thought that from the information at present at their disposal the proposed Conference represented a gamble with our Imperial ties and with the relations existing between the Indian Empire and ourselves.

Once this country tasted the blood of protection he believed it would go on increasing its demands.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

In his ninety-sixth year, the Rev. W. M. Oliver, for sixty years rector of Boving, Essex, died yesterday.

Queen Draga's pleasure yacht has been sold to a syndicate, and is to ply on the Rhine as an excursion steamer.

Unlimited credit for the reception of the British Fleet which will visit Brest has been voted by the municipal council of that town.

Mr. John Lewis, member of the Legislative Council of Burma, died yesterday from concussion, through being thrown from his horse.

MYSTERY OF A PRECIOUS VASE.

Companion to One Owned by the King at Buckingham Palace.

WORTH THOUSANDS.

All the fine art dealers of St. James's are agog over an old Sévres oviform vase which is to be put up for auction at Christie's on Friday.

The value of the vase is very vague. It may bring £3,000, and it may bring slightly less or more, according as the dealers fancy it. "We shall all be there ready to write out big cheques," said the head of an "old china" firm in King-street. "It is a very long time since a Sévres vase of such importance has been under the hammer."

By way of indicating the preciousness of Sévres another dealer recalled that a little while ago a man picked up three small pieces for £12 and got £5,000 for them in a saleroom.

Companion to Royal Vase.

Additional value attaches to the vase to be sold on Friday by reason of the fact that it is the companion of a Sévres vase in the royal collection at Buckingham Palace—a coincidence that throws a glamour of mystery around it.

Dealers are asking such unanswerable questions as, "How came it to part from its companion?" "Did the two once stand side by side in the royal collection?" and "Will the King buy it?"

The royal collection of Sévres is said to be the finest in England. It was formed by George IV., who commissioned his French chef to acquire any desirable pieces of the Sévres factory that he might see in France.

Years ago many of these examples were missed and dealers are exercised to know whether this vase escaped from the Palace generations ago.

The Seller a Peer.

The etiquette of the auction-room forbids the name of the seller being divulged, but a well-known member of the perage is freely mentioned. He came into possession of the vase when he inherited the family heirlooms.

The mysterious vase bears the date-letter 1673, and was painted by Dodin. It is 16½ in. high, and a thing of rare beauty.

The greater portion is painted gros-blue, with four shield-shaped panels, painted in the style of Lancret.

There are also to be sold an old Chinese porcelain vase with brilliant black enamelled ground, decorated with peonies and other flowers, 17½ in. high, which should make £1,200 to £1,500; a pair of miniatures of Henry Prince of Wales; and a lady, the former by Isaac Oliver, for which £600 to £800 should be obtained; an early Louis XVI. gold snuffbox, which should make about the same sum; and an ivory mirror-case, 3½ in. square, French work, early fourteenth century, will, it is expected, make four figures.

WALKING GHOST.

Professor Relates His Curious Experiences of the Musselburgh Apparition.

The spectre of Musselburgh, to which reference was made in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, has received an important certificate of existence from Mr. J. E. Newlands, F.E.I.S., who holds the Fulton chair at the United Free College, Edinburgh.

Mr. Newlands resides at Linkfield House, Musselburgh, and he has put in writing his experiences.

Late at night when walking homewards he was suddenly conscious of the figure of a man walking by his side step for step.

There was a lady some distance behind. Becoming suspicious of the man Mr. Newlands stopped suddenly under a lamp-post to get a view of his face. Instantly the figure vanished.

"I can only describe his disappearance," says Mr. Newlands, "by using the word vanished. He did not rush across the road, nor did he run behind; no sound of footsteps could be heard."

FROM MECHANIC TO MASTER.

Entering upon life as a mechanic in a screw works at Leeds, the late Councillor Kirby Banks built up a flourishing business which bears his name—the Kirby Banks Screw Co., Ltd., Leeds. He died on March 9 last, aged sixty-nine, leaving estate of the gross value of £22,298, with net personality £11,118.

DETECTIVES IN A BROUGHAM.

To bring home charges against certain street bookmakers, heard at North London yesterday, three detectives drove to the spot they frequented in a traveller's brougham. The bookmakers had to pay the hire of the brougham as well as the stereotyped fines.

"MR. B'S" ELEVEN MINDS.

"Punch" Makes Good Humoured Fun of the Prime Minister.

The case of the girl who had ten distinct personalities in the course of a few months has suggested to "Punch" a case even more remarkable.

It sets forth to-day the strange changes of mind undergone by a statesman whom it calls "Mr. B," numbering in all eleven. They are as follows:—

(1) May, 1903.—Acute interest in Colonial products and a liking for jams and pickles. Kept on saying at intervals: "Good old Joe."

(2) About a month later.—A simple child, unable to read the newspapers, but with a passion for golf and motor-cars.

(3) July, 1903.—He could now both read and write, and composed two mutually contradictory documents, one for private and the other for public circulation.

(4) August, 1903.—He became increasingly subject to illusions, and took to playing whist, but always with the same partner. To all his other friends he presented the appearance of a deaf mute.

(5) September 18, 1903.—Another momentous new departure. He called black white, and preference people Free Traders.

(6) October, 1903.—A sweet child, but totally ignorant of facts and figures.

(7) October, 1904.—Insisted on going to Edinburgh, where he delivered an eloquent speech, which was interpreted in diametrically opposite senses by different sets of critics.

(8) December, 1904.—Complete loss of memory. Patient declared that he had been born yesterday. He called his driver "Joe," and his putter "Jesse."

(9) March, 1905.—Professed complete ignorance of what had taken place the day before.

(10) April 1, 1905.—Took to playing golf with Scotch fishermen.

(11) April 6.—Said he had never heard of such a place as Brighton, and asked, "Who is Sir Alexander Acland-Hood?"

HEROINE NURSES.

Eleven Plucky Women Fall Victims to the Typhoid Scourge at Lincoln.

The hard fight against Lincoln's scourge of typhoid is slowly being won.

The number of cases under treatment grows less day by day, and fresh cases are diminishing.

But the cost has been heavy. One doctor early in the outbreak worked night and day. Worn out, he caught the terrible disease and died within a few days.

Eleven nurses, while tending others, have themselves fallen victims.

Their names are:—Nurses Lucy Radford, Leash, Ethel Shipp, Wilkie, Lavinia Ward, Margaret McClellan, Annie MacAndrew, Jessie Blackmore, Nancy Brown, Jane Kitchen, and Sarah Ann Schofield.

FORTUNE THROUGH THE "MIRROR."



Mrs. Patrick Lee, of Battersea, who, through reading the "Daily Mirror," discovered that she was entitled to £2,000 left by her uncle.

NATIVES' APPEAL TO THE KING.

A petition to the King on behalf of the natives in the Transvaal has already received 33,000 signatures, says the "Pretoria News." Its terms are practically identical with those of the Uitlander petition before the war, as the natives fear that their interests will not be taken into consideration in the framing of the Constitution that is about to be conferred.

"WIRELESS" DEFENCE.

Mr. Verburgh yesterday asked the Civil Lord of the Admiralty whether, in view of the importance of wireless telegraphy on the coasts of the United Kingdom in relation to national defence, steps are being taken by the Admiralty to secure the control of all wireless telegraphic stations.

Mr. Pretyman stated that the matter is occupying the earnest attention of the Admiralty.

LOBBY HONEYMOON.

Tribute to Sir W. Arrol, Who Voted on His Wedding Day.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

A man of sixty-six who travels over 800 miles on his wedding-day to save his Party in the House of Commons from defeat deserves more than gratitude.

In the presence of an immense gathering of members of Parliament, Mr. Balfour last night presented to Sir William Arrol a massive silver cup, in recognition of his having taken part in a division in the House of Commons on the day on which he was married in Ayrshire.

There were 350 Parliamentary subscribers, including many Cabinet Ministers and the Party Whigs. Mr. Balfour recalled in a charming speech the circumstances which required Sir William's presence at Westminster, and said that the Opposition attack had failed because there was no lack in the Party of that public spirit of which Sir William had given such a striking example.

Sir William briefly acknowledged the gift, which bore an inscription stating that it was a token of his colleagues' appreciation of his high sense of duty and conspicuous loyalty.

The builder of the Tower Bridge—for this is the latest important achievement of the most famous bridge-builder of modern times—Sir William began life at thirteen as a blacksmith's apprentice, and started in business on his own account at the age of thirty-two with a capital of £85.

He is now sixty-six, which makes his feat the more remarkable, but the very fact of his being privately married at the residence of his bride at Ayr in the morning and appearing in his place in Parliament the same evening is an achievement at the mere thought of which contemporaries of Pitt and Nelson would have stared in amazement.

SALVATION "TARGET" HIT.

How "Self-Denial Week" Realised £63,000 When £60,000 Was Aimed At.

The Salvation Army are overjoyed at having obtained £63,000 from their "Self-Denial Week," when their "target" was only £60,000.

"Clapton has a grand record this year," said an "officer" to the *Daily Mirror*; "his 'target' was £750, but it determined to aim at £1,000, and obtained £1,011.

"It's a matter of honour to hit the 'target.' One district was £27, the only one obtained £25, and the officer in charge felt the disgrace so keenly that she would not put in an appearance.

"Even the little children have their targets, and deny themselves such things as meat and sugar.

"Some soldiers take barrel-organs into the streets for the fund; others do extra work, or beg. But it is chiefly by 'self-denial' pure and simple that this £63,000 has been raised."

CANDID BRIDEGROOM.

Wife's Strange Evidence in the "Student" Divorce Case.

Another day was consumed in the Divorce Court yesterday by the hearing of the suit brought by Mr. R. W. Wright against his wife and an Italian student named Egidio Pico.

Mrs. Wright gave evidence, and stated that three days after their wedding her husband had said to her, "You are not nearly so nice as a woman I used to love, and to whom I paid £20 a month."

"At times, however," the witness went on, "I lived happily with my husband."

Mrs. Wright denied stoutly allegations made against her of misconduct, and said she had never taken alcohol in excess.

The hearing of the case was again adjourned.

UNIVERSITY FOR SHEFFIELD.

The Privy Council have decided to grant a charter to the promoters of the scheme for a university at Sheffield.

This was promised last year on condition that a sum of £170,000 was raised.

The sum of £50,000 is still needed, and great efforts are being made, especially by a committee of ladies, to secure this amount.

DEATH BY THE DOOR-KNOB.

In closing the door of the village chapel at Westhorpe, Suffolk, a woman named Mary Ann Sparrow pulled at the brass knob.

It came off, and Sparrow broke her thigh in falling. This injury had a fatal result.

At yesterday's inquest it was said that the screw had fallen out of the door-knob.

The Prince of Wales has consented to lay the foundation-stone of University College, Cardiff, on June 23.

GREAT SINGER MARRIED.

Brilliant Company Grooms Miss Ada Crossley on Her Wedding Day.

Excepting the marriage of Signor Marconi a few weeks ago, no wedding has aroused so much public interest for years past as that of the famous Australian contralto, Miss Ada Crossley, yesterday, at the Marjebone Parish Church, to Dr. Francis Muecke, who is attached to the staff of the London Hospital.

A large crowd assembled outside the church long before the hour fixed for the ceremony, and each famous or notable guest was eagerly watched for and noted on their arrival.

Miss Ada Crossley was greeted with a stirring cheer as she stepped out of her carriage at the church door, wearing a lovely white gown, on which glistened the diamond brooch presented by the musicians of Melbourne on her recent visit.

Her bridesmaids, Miss Annie Auchinrole and Miss Cassie Cranmer, met her at the church door, wearing diaphanous white dresses with wreaths of yellow roses on their heads, and each carrying a bouquet of mimosa, or Australian wattle, out of compliment to the bride's country.

As the bridal procession passed up the aisle, the choir of twelve girl friends of the bride sang exquisitely the hymn specially composed for the occasion by Mr. George Clutram.

A reception was afterwards held at the Great Central Hotel.

Among the numerous guests present were Sir James and Miss Blyth, Mme. Clara Butt, Miss Louise Dale, Sir George and Lady Clarke, Miss Marie Corelli, Captain and Mrs. Charles Bancroft, and Sir John and Lady Cockburn.

CANCER DOCTOR IN LONDON.

Hopes That Dr. Doyen Has Discovered a Cure for the Dread Disease.

Thousands of patient sufferers from cancer have been buoyed up by the hope that in the serum discovered by Dr. Doyen, of Paris, there was at last a cure for the terrible disease.

Dr. Doyen is now in London, and has handed to the Cancer Hospital some serum with which to make independent experiments. He is going away out of town for a fortnight. "When I return," he said to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "I hope to see some good results."

"My serum," he added, "is by no means a specific, but I may tell you that it has succeeded in a number of cases."

As to the "violet leaves" cure, Dr. Doyen was amused at the suggestion of its efficacy. "Impossible, quite impossible," he said.

CURIOUS THEATRE INCIDENT.

Mrs. Lewis Waller's Objection to Advertisement Causes a Scene.

Mrs. Lewis Waller believes that photographic advertisements thrown on a screen between the acts of a play are an insult to dramatic art.

She has enforced her view this week at the Camden Theatre in a very practical way.

She at first protested to the manager, who replied that the advertisements had to be shown, as they were under contract to display them.

Therefore on Monday night she gave instructions that between the acts of "Zaza" the curtain should not be let down, and the scenes were changed in full view of the audience.

The crowded house greatly appreciated the novelty, and the stage-hand who dropped and smashed a flower-vase was as heartily cheered as if he had scored a dramatic triumph.

DECADENT SCOTCH SABBATH.

How Sunday Trading Has Seized Glasgow in Its Grip.

Of every eleven shops in Glasgow two are open on Sundays. Mr. Milligan, chairman of the Scottish Shopkeepers' and Assistants' Union, told Lord Avebury's Sunday Closing of Shops Bill Committee of the House of Lords yesterday that there were 16,651 shops in "the second city of the Empire," and 3,040 invited custom on the "Sabbath."

Shopkeepers generally would be willing to close if the rest did. Even the Jews would not object, because they could open after sunset on Saturday.

The chairman of the Manchester and District Retailers' Association said that Sunday closing of shops would be no hardship to the poorer classes; they would be benefited if they had to make their purchases on Saturday night.

Towards the cost of purchasing Ruskin Park, Denmark Hill, the L.C.C. have decided to contribute £25,000.

FAMOUS K.C. AND STEPDAUGHTERS.

Curious Household Arrangements
Lead to a Chancery Suit.

SERVANTS AS BANKERS.

It was just like an engineer being hoisted with his own petard when Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., who in addition to being a King's Counsel is Liberal member for Leamington, went into the witness-box of Mr. Justice Joyce's Chancery Court yesterday, and was not only examined, but cross-examined.

The famous "patent" lawyer was a party in a case that had nothing to do with inventions. It arose out of a family dispute of a very curious character. The plaintiffs were Mr. Moulton's two stepdaughters, Mrs. Elspeth Grahame, the wife of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, secretary of the Bank of England, and Miss Winifred Thompson.

When the mother of these ladies, Mrs. Clara Moulton, died in 1888, she had married Mr. Moulton as her second husband in 1874—she left behind her property that brought in an income of £2,500 a year.

£820 a Year Apiece.

This income she left in trust, arranging that her two daughters should each receive £820 a year out of it. Mr. Fletcher Moulton was sole trustee. During her married life Mrs. Moulton had "pooled" her income with that of her husband to defray the expenses of the household in Onslow-square—amounting to £4,000 a year.

After her death, counsel stated, Mr. Moulton proposed that the daughters should enter into a similar arrangement—that they should put their incomes into the common fund, and in return should live in Mr. Moulton's house, and draw on him for all reasonable expenses.

The two ladies are now taking a different view of this arrangement from that of Mr. Moulton. They are asking him to give an "account" of their share of the trust legacy, and they declare that they did not understand that they surrendered their incomes in return for the "consideration" given by their stepfather.

The periods in dispute are, in the case of Mrs. Grahame, from 1888 till 1899, when she married, and, in the case of Miss Thompson, from 1889 till 1901, when she left her stepfather's house on their second marriage. When the ladies left home they received their incomes in full.

Borrowed from the Servants.

A peculiar statement was made with regard to the ladies' financial arrangement when they lived at Onslow-square. It was said by counsel that they ran accounts with the butler, cook, etc., who advanced money.

On behalf of Mr. Moulton it was pointed out that during the two years and a half that elapsed between Mrs. Grahame's marriage and Mr. Moulton's second marriage, Miss Thompson's personal expenses amounted to over £2,000, while her "share" was only £1,500. Before that the two ladies' average annual expenses had been very nearly equal to their united "shares." The calculation "worked out" that they paid only £180 a year between them towards the household expenses.

It was not stated in court whether Mr. Moulton, who is a very famous mathematician, had been doing household accounts since.

When Mr. Moulton was cross-examined by Mr. Lusk the two K.C.s entered on a very learned and very friendly controversy about trust deeds. From this controversy the Court was rescued by the Judge, who said: "Please don't argue."

The case was adjourned.

STORY OF £15,000

Which Induced a Woman to Lend £2 to the Possessor.

A well-dressed lady applied to the Kingston magistrates yesterday for a warrant against a friend for obtaining £2 from her by false pretences.

When asked what constituted the false pretences, she said: "Why, she came to me and told me a story, which I believed, to the effect that she was worth £15,000. Of course, on that I lent her the £2."

The Clerk: She said she was worth £15,000, and yet wanted to borrow £2?

Applicant: Yes.

Continuing, the applicant said that the acquaintance was not of long standing. The money had been borrowed on the plea that the borrower's daughter required it instantly, and that it would be returned in a few hours.

The applicant was referred to the County Court.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EXCUSE.

"I had four life glass beer. I loose der springs out off me'n legs untill fall down," explained a German woman, fined 5s. at Marlborough-street for drunkenness.

LORD CORK'S FLAT.

Successful as Plaintiff in a Singular
Suit About Furniture.

The Earl of Cork appeared as plaintiff in an action heard in the Marylebone County Court yesterday and won his case.

The dispute related to the ownership of furniture in a flat, at Clarence-gate-gardens, which, according to the Post Office Directory, is occupied by Mrs. Price.

In 1901 the firm of Beer and Co., dressmakers, supplied Mrs. Price with dresses to the amount of £380 4s. In 1903 the firm, failing to obtain payment of the money, got judgment against Mrs. Price.

They subsequently seized the furniture in the flat, in spite of the fact that the Earl of Cork had notified the Sheriff that it was his.

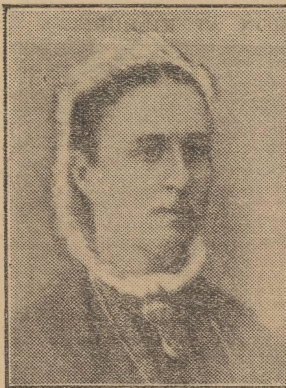
The flat was taken by the Earl of Cork, and the furniture, supplied on a hire purchase agreement at a cost of £612, of which the Earl had paid £492.

The manager of the furnishing company said that his dealings were entirely with the Earl of Cork.

Then the Earl of Cork was called to the witness-box, giving in detail the negotiations for the purchase, and denying that the goods had ever been given to Mrs. Price. In reply to the Judge, witness said he had lived at the flat frequently.

The jury found that the goods were the Earl of Cork's, and judgment was entered in his favour with costs.

KILLED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.



Mrs. Daoubie, who was found dead among the ruins of the mission house at Kangra.

JUDGE'S CONUNDRUM.

Mr. Justice Darling Inquires Into the Mysteries of "Pulling" a Racehorse.

Dixon, the jockey who sought to have his indentures of apprenticeship to Lawrence Rooney, a racehorse trainer, laid aside, won his case in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday.

He is now entitled to ride for himself, and will be paid the fees that the Jockey Club has retained pending a settlement of the dispute.

Rooney, in his evidence, said that his licence was refused by the National Hunt Club Stewards because he could not win a certain race.

Was not the charge made of "pulling" this mare?—I was never asked the question.

The Judge: You mean that, do you?—I do. Mr. Disturnal: If you did pull the horse in a race that would be a fraudulent practice?—I don't know how to answer that question.

The Judge: Supposing you are the jockey and don't want to win, and another jockey pulls his horse, what are you to do? (Laughter.)

Mr. Disturnal: I have no doubt there are difficulties about it.

"DEPUTATION OF CHARACTER."

A man complained at Tottenham that he had been called a thief, and wanted to take out a summons for "deputation of character."

Alderman Huggett: If you want to indulge in the costly luxury of a law-suit you can consult a solicitor.

RADIUM LECTURE INTERRUPTED.

Mr. Hermann Ward Larcher was delivering a lecture on radium at the Paddington Baths when he happened to look down a passage and saw a man marching off with his overcoat. Cutting short his discourse he rushed after the man and secured him. His name proved to be Walter Wallis, and he was yesterday committed for trial at Marylebone.

MOTHER'S APPEAL.

Yearning for Her Children and Ignorant of Their Whereabouts.

PATHETIC FIGURE.

Another pathetic scene was witnessed in the High Court when Mrs. Leonore Pearson, who, during an "application" on the previous day, had told a touching story of separation from her children, yesterday "in person" opened her case against her husband, Mr. William Edward Pearson.

Her suit is for "arrears of maintenance." She says that she gave up the custody of her children in order to obtain an allowance to save herself from starving, and that her husband has not carried out his bargain.

Always seeming to be about to break into sobs, so trembling was her voice, she told how she was divorced from her husband in Paris in 1901.

"The decree was for incompatibility," she said. "It was stated that I was a fond and tender mother, and full of solicitude. I was given the custody of the children."

Dorothy's Sweet Ways.

To show that she thought she was doing the best for the interests of the children themselves when she gave up the younger of the little girls, Gladys, she read the following extract from a letter written by herself to her husband:—

"I did wrong in separating the children. It would seem almost late to you that I should remember their true love to one another, and all Dorothy's sweet ways and care towards her little sister. . . . Now that Gladys is so big I cannot lift her any more."

"She suffers from my lack of strength."

"Gladys must have a home, and in other people's houses her little laughter is not welcome. Everything makes me think of this, even the reading of an American girl's debut at the Opera Comique."

In the course of the case, which was adjourned, Mrs. Pearson said that she did not even know whether her children were still alive.

LIKED WORKHOUSE FARE.

Boy Prefers the Cuisine of the "House" to That of His Home.

A little boy named James Cottrell, aged twelve, yesterday applied for admission to the Malling Workhouse.

He had once been an inmate, but recently has been living at Dartford. He walked twenty miles to make his application, and appeared before the guardians footsore, but insistent.

The Master: I think he likes our beef puddings. (Loud laughter.)

The Chairman: Have you not sufficient food at home, my boy?—Yes, but I like the workhouse food better. Please, sir, let me come back.

The Chairman: My dear little fellow, you are not destitute, and it is against the law of the land to admit you. Now go home and try to be a good boy, as I am sure you are.

He was sent home in charge of a workhouse official.

"MASK" MURDERS.

Important New Witness Expected To Give Evidence in the Case Next Week.

Albert and Alfred Stratton, the two brothers who stand charged with the murder of an old couple at Deptford, were yesterday charged at Greenwich and remanded for a week.

In applying for a further remand, Mr. Sims, on behalf of the Treasury, stated that an examination of certain articles of clothing was not yet concluded by Sir Thomas Stevenson, the Home Office expert.

Mr. Sims further applied that the next hearing of the case should take place at Tower Bridge Police Court.

The application was granted, and the men will be charged there next Tuesday, when it is understood that a material witness will be called by the police in the person of a woman with whom one of the prisoners is said to have been living.

STOLE 298 HYMN-BOOKS.

Charles Duncan applied for a chance of retrieving his character at the Torrey-Alexander mission. He was entrusted with 298 hymn-books to sell outside the Albert Hall, and decamped with the proceeds. He was yesterday committed for trial at Westminster.

INTERESTED IN SHIPS.

"What are you doing?" asked P.C. Pratt of a man who had left his horse and brougham to block the traffic on London Bridge, while he gazed over the parapet.

"Looking at the ships," was the answer. The amusement cost him 10s. and costs.

EXHUMATION MYSTERY.

Sensational Rumours Concerning Death
of a Trick Cyclist.

Great sensation has been caused in Wallasey, a suburb of Liverpool, by the action of the police in exhuming the body of William George Hurst, a well-known trick cyclist, who died on March 19 and was buried three days later in the Wallasey Cemetery.

Hurst, who was forty-seven years of age, died very suddenly at his home at New Brighton, but his medical adviser, Dr. Gibson Lusk, certified that the cause of death was an internal complaint, accelerated by a stroke.

No inquest was held, but persistent rumours of a startling character compelled the police to take action.

The disinterment was made at midnight on Monday in the presence of Dr. Lusk, Dr. Anderson, and two police officers.

Mr. Hurst was a Canadian, and came over to this country from Toronto twenty years ago as the American Blondin. He afterwards adopted the stage name of Katweva.

He was in great demand at provincial pantomimes as an animal impersonator, his most successful rôle being that of a cat. It is alleged that his death was due to poisoning. The inquest, which opened yesterday, has been adjourned.

DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION.

Keeps Her Father, Mother, and Two Children
on 10s. a Week.

A striking instance of filial affection was revealed at a Shoreditch inquest yesterday.

The subject of the inquiry was a potman, who had died suddenly without medical advice.

His daughter said that her father had been out of work for a year, and for the past seven months she had kept him. Until her mother's death six weeks ago she had also maintained her.

She herself was a widow with two children to keep, and earned 10s. a week by charring.

A Juror: What did you pay for rent?—Four shillings and sixpence per week.

Coroner: She couldn't keep herself, father, and two children on 5s. 6d. a week. (To the daughter): Did you have any parish relief?—No. The only help I received was what I worked for.

Coroner: You appear to have done your best to help your father and mother, and I'll give you a sovereign out of the poor-box.

SOLDIERS' QUARREL.

Fatal Sequel to a Vainglorious Challenge by a Scotch Borderer.

A quarrel between soldiers of the Norfolk and King's Own Scottish Borderers Regiments had its sequel at Colchester yesterday, when Private Anderson, of the Borderers, was charged with killing Private Matholie, of the Norfolks.

Matholie had accepted a challenge thrown out by one of the Borderers named McKendry to fight any man in the Norfolk Regiment.

McKendry gave Anderson his tunic and belt to hold, and closed with Matholie, throwing him down, and biting him in the cheek.

Matholie rose, with a threatening exclamation, but a landlady intervened.

It was then that Anderson stepped forward and struck Matholie on the head with a belt, causing injuries from which he died on Monday night.

MOTHER'S PATHETIC STORY.

How She Watched Her Little Ones Taken to the Workhouse.

"I did not run away from them," said a widow named Sarah Harling, charged at the Thames Police Court with leaving her two children chargeable to the Poplar Union.

"I gave a little girl 3d., and a letter to take them to the workhouse. I stood at the top of the street, and saw them go in."

"I went before the guardians and they said I must go into the workhouse, too. I said I would not, as I could work and get a home together for them."

The woman, who bore a very good character, was remanded on her own recognisances.

KILLED BY MISTAKE.

A verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against James Rice by a coroner's jury at the conclusion of the inquest held on the body of Robert Tomlin at Fulham yesterday.

The case is that in which the deceased man is said to have been mistaken by his assailant for a cousin, who resembles him very closely.

Rice was remanded on a charge of murder at West London Police Court yesterday.

CHEAPER TEA.

Reduction of Duty May Lead Immediately to Lower Prices.

UNDERWRITERS' PROFITS.

"Will there be an immediate reduction in the price of tea?" was the question on everyone's lips yesterday when they read the Chancellor of the Exchequer's announcement of the coming reduction of the tea duty from 8d. to 6d.

Although the reduction will not take effect until July 1, the *Daily Mirror* learned that a number of factors in the situation point to possible immediate effects.

Messrs. Ridgway and Co. think it not unlikely that the present is a golden opportunity for price-cutters who, to secure an increase of custom, will be content with little or no profit.

An important point is the enormous quantity of tea now in stock. At the present moment 117,219,522lb. are lying in bond.

The figures for the two previous years were:—

1903	98,751,121lbs.
1904	96,531,413lbs.

To-day the Indian auctions take place. For Budget reasons they have been postponed from last Monday.

All-Round Reduction.

The effect on prices, according to Messrs. T. Lipton and Co., may be an all-round reduction.

"Our cheapest tea," said a representative of the firm, "is 1s. 4d. It is too early to say whether this will be reduced.

"When tea-dealers complain of hard times it is as well to remember that at 1s. 6d. per lb. they should get a fair profit."

The import prices are:—

Common	5d. per lb.
Fair	6d. "
Good	7d. "

Among the principal gainers by the new duty will be the big tea-shops—the A.B.C., Messrs. Lyons and Co., and Messrs. Pearce and Plenty.

Their prices per cup will remain the same, and their shareholders will reap the advantage.

Good for Underwriters.

Lloyd's underwriters have also done well out of the Budget.

A great number of policies had been taken out against a reduction in the income-tax, which was believed to be inevitable.

They made a profit also out of the rates paid on anticipated alterations of the sugar and coal taxes.

The one adverse item from the standpoint of the underwriters has been the reduction in the tea duty. But the balance is enormously in their favour, and accordingly they are highly gratified with Mr. Austen Chamberlain's second Budget.

MITE OF DESTRUCTION.

Parasite Which Is Spreading Ruin Amongst the Rhubarb Crops of Leeds.

A new parasite, which is ravaging the rhubarb crops of Leeds, has been discovered by Mr. W. Harrison Hutton, a well-known chemist of that city.

The disease attacks the plant at the crown, or top, of the root, and when the time arrives to remove the plant to the forcing-shed the new growth drops off as soon as it is touched.

When the outer covering of a diseased root is broken the interior is found to be honeycombed with tiny creatures which present a striking family likeness to the familiar cheese-mite.

Associated with these animalcules are innumerable little worm-like creatures, which burrow into the juicy substance of the plant. These are so small that two or three of the largest would have to be placed end to end to extend across a small pin-head.

TOY BANKING.

Co-operative Institution with a Capital of £235 Which Lends to the Poor.

The fifth annual report of the Stepney Co-operative Bank, founded to provide borrowing facilities for poor people who would otherwise be fleeced by moneylenders, shows that with a paid-up capital of £235 the profits last year amounted to £36. Shareholders received 5 per cent.

Loans are made to buy stock for shops, pay expenses of illness, buy clothing, and so on. The interest, as a rule, is 3d. per £1 per month. With exceptional security the rate is even halved, making it 7½ per cent. per annum. Money is repaid by instalments.

There are only 114 members, mostly working men, but Mr. H. H. Plydell-Bouverie, of Barclay's Bank, is one of them.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Bright red spectacles, accompanied by doses of calomel, form a new German specific against sea-sickness. By looking at one point for some time through the glasses the patient, it is claimed, is rapidly cured.

During excavations in Vere-street, Manchester, a marble tablet bearing an inscription in Greek was found.

New branches of the Navy League have been formed in the Orange River Colony and at Nelson, New Zealand.

Of epicurean tastes, a coalminer named Spencer asked at Workington that he might be remanded to Carlisle Gaol, as the food at the former place was not good enough.

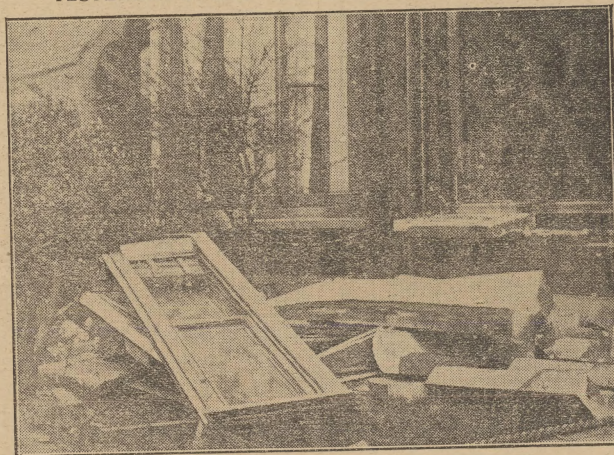
Property of the value of £1,026 belonging to the late Mr. D. Williams, of Festiniog, North Wales, falls to the Crown. No will can be found, neither can a relative be traced.

Constitution was caused at Divine service in Ashton-under-Lyne parish church by a well-dressed man who interrupted the curate and the reader of the lessons. The intruder was at last forcibly hauled into the street.

Armed with a lantern, a farmer and the first whip of Mr. George Fitzwilliam's pack enjoyed a moonlight hunt in search of two couples of hounds after the day's chase. The prodigals reached the kennels about midnight.

Arrangements are being made by the British Motor-Boat Club for an international motor-boat race when the French fleet visits Spithead. The contest will take place between the lines of the British and French battleships.

YESTERDAY'S GAS EXPLOSION AT KILBURN.



Five people were injured by a gas explosion which took place in a house in Brondesbury-road, Kilburn, yesterday morning, the window and part of the wall of the house being blown out.

Eldorado potatoes offered singly for sale at Carlisle made up to 2s. 6d. each. The tubers were afterwards weighed and calculated at £500 per ton.

Camberwell workhouse store-room, where the infirm patients' nourishments are kept, has been burgled. A quantity of brandy, amongst other things, was stolen.

Mr. J. A. Simon, barrister, will contest the Waltham Division of Essex at the next election. Mr. Simon is a Nonconformist and an opponent of the Education Act.

Residents in Nottingham-place, W., are appealing to the Marylebone Borough Council to use their power in abating the annoyance and inconvenience caused in that thoroughfare by motor-omnibuses.

A consumptive boarded out in a cottage on Dartmoor by the Okehampton Guardians gained 4lb. in weight the first week, and 2½lb. the second. This represents an average of ½lb. a day for thirteen days.

Welding by electricity has been brought to such a state of perfection that the apparatus can be carried to a railroad track and two rails joined as solidly as if they had come out of the rolling mill one piece.

Smart and sturdy, a boy of sixteen was charged at Liverpool with having stowed away on a ship which voyaged from the Mersey port to Boston, U.S.A., and back. He said he belonged to Coventry, and wanted to get to his brother at Buffalo.

The vicar of Conway challenges any of the fifty Wretham passive resisters to prove (1) that there is no practical control over Church schools; (2) that the total cost of education in Church schools is now defrayed by grants and rates; (3) that the contribution of Church people does not cover the cost of religious teaching in Church schools.

The States of Jersey yesterday unanimously passed a vote of condolence on the death of their compatriot, Lord St. Helier.

Mr. William Wynne, a former mace-bearer of Bradford, who has just died, bore a striking facial resemblance to Lord Roberts.

There is a movement afoot, says the "Liverpool Post," to secure a Civil List pension for Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the veteran journalist.

For 123 years the living of Mellor, Derbyshire, has been in the same family. The present vicar has just celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the charge.

In a small Midland town a rate collector was offered Persian kittens by an old dame in payment of the amount due from her. Her indignation was great when the offer was declined.

Mice are used as tests for pit gas. At the inquest on a miner killed in the Tingley (Leeds) colliery explosion, it was stated as a proof of the wholesomeness of the air that a caged mouse let into the shaft was quite lively when released.

During the North-Eastern Railway ambulance teams competition at York several competitors in the individual tests used improvised appliances made from their own clothes. This was in preference to the bandages supplied, and was proof of the men's resource.

In a dog case at Worthing Judge Scully said it would not be wise to adopt King Solomon's judgment. The animal appeared to have a double, for it was claimed by a local bank clerk and another resident. Each placed widely different values on the dog.

BLIND PAUPER'S GALLANT STRUGGLE.

Dictates Stories in Hope of Paying for His Keep.

TO-DAY'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

A display of dauntless courage given under disheartening circumstances always stirs the heart of the people, and therefore the struggles of Ernest Stockdale, the blind pauper, whose photograph is reproduced on page 9, should appeal to all.

He has been blind for many years; he has moved from one workhouse to another, from Southsea to Norwood, from there to Nottingham, and from Nottingham to Windsor, where he is now living. Yet in spite of his unhappy fate, he has ambitions, and is struggling hard not only to make himself independent, but to repay the ratepayers what he has cost them in years gone by.

His ambition is to tell the stories which he weaves from his imagination. Many aspire to become authors without having the slightest qualifications, but few would struggle under such difficulties as beset the blind pauper. Yet he has succeeded in producing work which may have a market value, and is in hopes of doing much better.

BLIND AUTHOR'S DIFFICULTIES.

His first trouble was to record his thoughts. The blind poet Milton had a daughter to write for him, but such a consolation was denied the blind pauper. This difficulty was overcome by a machine which wrote in Braille, the raised dots that serve the blind for type. Then he had to find someone who would write this out for him, so that it could be read by editors. This friend has lately been found, and a page from one of the blind man's stories written by this friend is reproduced with the author's photograph.

But to get stories written so is slow and laborious work, for Stockdale, after writing in Braille, has to read it over again to his friend, who writes from dictation. Therefore an appeal is being made on behalf of the blind man for a typewriter, with which he can himself type out his own stories in a form in which they can be read by the normal person.

At first sight—though it is perhaps only natural—it seems strange to hear that these stories, written by a pauper, deal with the lives of the rich, and they are full of yearnings for the romantic side of life, of which the poor author can have known so little.

MOTOR-BOATS IN A STORM.

Our photographs on pages 8 and 9 give a vivid impression of the kind of seas through which the little motor-boats raced at Monaco on Sunday. It was obvious from the first that there was every prospect of accidents happening to the frail craft in such heavy weather, and torpedo-boats were told off to help in cases of necessity. The races were duly started, but, as many prophesied, not one was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The tug going to the assistance of the racer Gobron was carried against her side by a heavy sea and stove it in. The men on her were thrown into the water and rescued with difficulty. The racers Palaisto and Madrido broke down owing to the water flooding their machinery, and the other racers had to give up to avoid being swamped. The cruisers fared no better, and La Marguerite was driven ashore.

NO MORE ADOLF BECKS.

Home Secretary Determined To Prevent Identification Errors.

So many cases have recently occurred of mistaken identification of criminals from photographs that the Home Secretary has circulated watch committees intimating that photographs will not in future be furnished by prison authorities unless certain conditions are observed in the use of them:

1. Witnesses are not to be shown photographs when personal identification is possible.
2. They must be placed with other similar photographs, and the witness must make his selection unaided.
3. Portraits of persons photographed while in custody should be shown in such a way as to prevent witnesses knowing they were prisoners.

* The "Over-Seas Daily Mail" contains all the home news of the week, and brings Britons abroad into the closest touch with the Mother Country.

Is sent to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, E.C., will ensure a copy being dispatched weekly for one year to any postal address.

Specimen copy forwarded on application.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1905.

THE VALUE OF SELF-DENIAL.

THE results of the Salvation Army's annual Self-Denial Week stand high among the encouraging signs of our time. It is cause both for amazement and for admiration that £63,000 should have been collected in this year of scarcity and bad employment from people who are mostly of the class which feels hard times more keenly than any other.

Think what it means to them to give away even the smallest sums. It means that they have to go without something they really need. Those who are well-off can afford to see their names on many subscription-lists without denying themselves anything—or, at most, by foregoing some luxury, some pet extravagance. The poor have no margins to their incomes. Whatever they spend on charity or religion comes out of "necessaries," and implies real self-denial.

So long as a nation is ready to "go without" in order to contribute towards some object it has at heart—whether it be a just war, or the reform of some unjust law, or a Salvation Army—that nation is in a healthy state. The same thing applies to individuals. Men and women who sit lightly enough to material pleasures to be able to give them up for some good purpose—they are the salt of the earth.

Not only because they show that they can distinguish between the things which really matter and those which are of secondary importance. Also because self-denial is very often a good discipline on its own account, without regarding the object for which self is denied. It strengthens character; it prevents natures from falling into flabbiness; it helps to keep both mind and body fit and keen and strenuous.

General Booth is a great man because he has trained the characters of his Salvationists. He has not merely induced them to sing hymns and listen to preaching. He has made them better men and women. If all our other religious leaders could point to such results the British nation would be in a far sounder, healthier state than it is.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

The British Museum has come to a very wise and public-spirited decision. It has determined to add to its world-famous collection of books and manuscripts and art treasures a collection of gramophone "records" of the voices of all our leading orators, preachers, singers, and actors.

How much would we give to be able to-day to listen to the magnificent voice of John Bright, the fiery periods of Lord Chatham, the silver tones of Mr. Gladstone; to hear Macready and Jenny Lind sing; to know how Macready or Mrs. Siddons delivered some stirring speech of Shakespeare? What a difference this would make to our understanding and appreciation of past greatness!

This boon future generations will enjoy. The "records" will be carefully made and carefully preserved as national property, and presumably they will be heard from time to time. The idea is a very happy one, and credit must be given to the "Evening News" for suggesting it a short time ago. The British Museum authorities must also be praised for their promptness in taking it up.

As a rule it is a matter of years to induce a Government institution to move at all. The Museum trustees have settled the whole thing in three weeks. Other State Departments please note—and copy!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If you really want to find out the value of money, live on fifteen shillings a week, and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. There are some people to whom it would do a world of good.—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PEOPLE seem to find the burden of ownership intolerably heavy nowadays, and especially the ownership of land. I suppose that Lord Onslow has discovered the truth of the saying that "land gives one a position and prevents one from keeping it up," since he is about to get rid of no less than 3,000 acres of his estates in Surrey. Lord Onslow, though he is very fond of the homeland, is one of the peers who have lived a good deal in outlandish parts. He was at one time Governor of New Zealand and many amusing things happened to him during his tenure of the office.

Once, in particular, he was hugely entertained by an incident which occurred when he was on a tour through certain agricultural districts in the Colony. Also on tour through the same districts was a famous bull, named after the Governor, which bull was gathering prizes and medals. It was announced at one small town that Lord

Onslow, simply, would appear that day. When Lord Onslow, the Governor, arrived at the station he therefore was met by a vast crowd of farmers and agricultural experts who had gone forth to meet a bull, and had met a lion, a social lion, instead! "It was so nice of them not to show their disappointment," said the Governor.

I found two distinct currents of opinion about the Budget in the Lobby and the political clubs yesterday. One set of reasoners argue that the Government has resigned itself to being beaten at the general election, and therefore framed the Budget in such a way as to make the middle classes see that tariff reform is a necessity, if the income tax is ever to be reduced. It is certainly a Tariff Reform Budget in that sense, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain's remarks about having to find some substitute for the falling alcohol revenue clearly pointed to a duty on foreign-manufactured goods.

The other view is that the Government means to remain in office until another Budget has been

opened. This next one (so the argument runs) will be framed after a year of solid prosperity and will contain all sorts of surprises, calculated to make every class of voter grateful. I must say that latter opinion is regarded as being rather far-fetched; and there is this to consider, too: Will there be any Conservative Party left if the election is delayed for another year?

The Stafford House concert in aid of the Oxygen Hospital was a great success, both musically and socially, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Clifford Cory, the sister of Lady Carver, gave one of the best performances. She is, with Lady Limerick and Mrs. George Cornwallis West, quite among the best amateur pianists in London. She owes her proficiency to her patience, and she gives up all social duties for at least four hours every day to hard work at the piano.

Mrs. Clifford Cory has an extraordinarily accurate and retentive ear. Not long ago she astonished by this faculty a famous musician whom she met in Paris. He had been playing a piece of his own invention, which he had never written down, and which was executed with a most complicated system of time and rhythm. Mrs. Cory asked him to play it once over to her, since he could not give it her in manuscript. The next minute she was able to play it over herself exactly as he had done, without a single mistake.

Certain quarters of Paris have long been completely Americanised, and it is really quite a relief to see that Sir Thomas Lipton has begun to redeem the credit of Britain there by opening a splendid teashop in the Place de l'Opera. I wonder if people will be allowed to drink tea there as well as to buy it. In that case crowds of English people uncompromisingly dressed in glaring clothes, which they would never think of wearing in London, will be seen thronging the doors. At present there are very few shops in Paris where one can get really good tea, and most of these are kept by French people.

Not long ago, in one of these shops, I assisted at a remarkable scene between an Englishwoman and the exquisitely mannered French shopgirl. My countrywoman, who was dressed in a short tweed skirt, clenching an alpenstock, and wearing a hat with something vaguely Tyrolean about it, entered boldly, strode up to the counter, and said, "Six slices of bread and butter and a cup of tea." Finding that this summary injunction was not understood, she repeated it much louder than before, and again much louder still. Finally, shaking her alpenstock, she declared that she had never been so stupidly treated before, and strode away, to everybody's intense relief.

Sir Thomas Lipton, is a great authority on cooking as a fine art—and as a cheap art also. It is through him that working men in the East End, whose wives know probably as much about cooking as they do about radium, can get incredibly cheap meals in the City-road, where Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, and Sir Thomas himself founded the "Alexandra Trust." Sir Thomas supplied the fund with a cheque for £100,000, which he handed to the Princess one day at Marlborough House. It is said that she danced round the room with delight, declaring that she had never held in her hands so big a sum of money before.

Kubelick, the famous violinist, is not the sort of person one would have expected to take to racing, and one is surprised to read in a Continental newspaper that he intends to start stables of his own next year. He has made enough money to be able to do that now. His charge for the ordinary concert is, I am told, never less than two hundred guineas, and often he makes more than that; yet his father, who was of gipsy origin, had to toil and toil as a market gardener, and, in fact, to kill himself by overwork, in order to provide his son with a proper musical education.

The poor man died, as such things always happen, just before his son's successful debut, and therefore saw none of the rewards of his labour. Young Kubelick received about £5 as his first concert fee, and all he has of it, of that he spent on it for his father's grave. The sorrow of his father's loss has been amply outweighed by joy since then. Kubelick has made a really happy marriage. He was in love for three years with the beautiful Countess von Caskey-Szell before he dared declare his feelings.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 11.—In the garden, sweet with April rain, daffodils are now to be seen everywhere. In the little wood they rise with violets luxuriating round their bright green leaves.

Jonquils, too, are now in full bloom. Under leafless shrubs, primroses (yellow and coloured) fight for possession of the moist soil with polyanthus, coloured cowslips, and oxlips.

Grape hyacinths send up their bright blue flowers from a nest of very green foliage. Blue scillas are still beautiful. On the rocky and hanging over many a path, crocuses and anemones are now sheets of white and various shades of purple.

Hyacinths, dog-tooth violets, and dromoniums are fast awakening. E. F. T.

"A CHANGE IN THE HABITS OF THE PEOPLE."



The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech, called attention to the abatement of the very striking fall in the consumption of beer. His reduction of the tea duty will probably reduce it further still, and make tea more popular than ever.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Earl of Glasgow.

SEEMING that his title is taken from the greatest shipbuilding centre in the world, and that he was once a naval officer himself, it is only fitting that he should be the president at the annual meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects which begins in London to-day.

Since he retired from the Navy in 1878, after seeing active service both in Russian and Chinese waters, he has lived a fairly quiet life, broken only by his Governorship of New Zealand from 1892 to 1897.

In that colony he had a good many amusing and exciting experiences. Once he was tossed by a bull at an agricultural show. The animal did not appreciate his Excellency's interest in its points, and simply hurled him out of its pen.

He has a kindly face, white-bearded and lined with sorrow, for he had a great grief some years ago in the loss of his second son, a very promising young officer in the Rifle Brigade. His manner is quiet and retiring, as was that of his father.

So much was this the case with the late lord that he was once put to flight by a bookie-clerk. He had handed in a £5 note to pay for his ticket at a Scotch railway station, and the clerk asked him to write his name on the back. He wrote "Glasgow," and handed it back.

Immediately came the reply, "Hoots, mon, I didn't ask ye to write whaur ye was going to," and Lord Glasgow (so the story goes) fled without either his ticket or his £5 note.

WHEELS OF EMPIRE—III.

The Diplomats.

TWO men sit by a paper-littered table in a great sunlit room, and talk in soft tones. There is no sound in this room but of their velvet speech—and they smile as they talk. They are of the Diplomats, these exceedingly courteous men, and it would seem that the regard each bears to the other is very great. Smoothly and in elaborately simple phrases they converse.

But gradually there steals into the air a sensation of strangeness, of mystery and hidden horror and masked fear, of something lurking and awful and malignant, which is being slowly unveiled—as the lips of a gun are unveiled when its smoke writhes away.

They are fighting, these men, desperately, savagely, jealously—and they fight not for their own lives, but for the lives of thousands, of tens of thousands, perchance hundreds of thousands.

At last there is a pause. Then one would speak anew, but the selected phrase trips and stumbles and almost falls.

"My—Government—will not. I am instructed—to refuse."

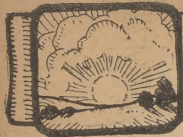
"But, my God! This means—war."

A shrillness is in his voice. He stares long and intently into the troubled eyes of the other—finding therein neither comfort nor reassurance. He waits.

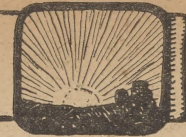
That, also, has been taken into account.

He is answered.

And there is an ominous silence in the sunlit room—ominous and sinister and breathless.



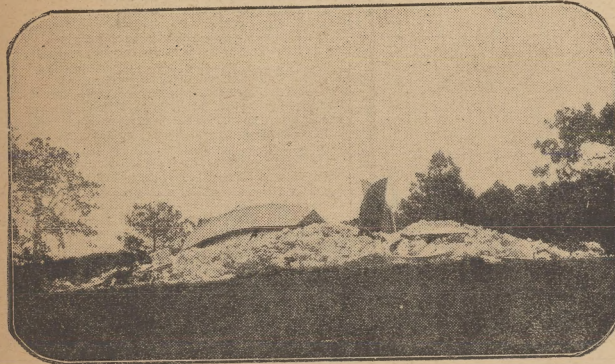
A·DAY'S·HAPPENINGS·



WRECKED BY A GREAT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE.



This and the following photographs show the terrible effects of an earthquake in India. In July, 1897, Assam, on the north-east of India, was shaken by an earthquake as the Punjab has been recently. Before the shock All Saints' Church, Shillong, appeared as above.



The church was utterly destroyed by the earthquake, which left the building a heap of ruins.



Looba Mosque, though not so completely wrecked by the earthquake as All Saints' Church, was left in the pitiable state shown in the above photograph.

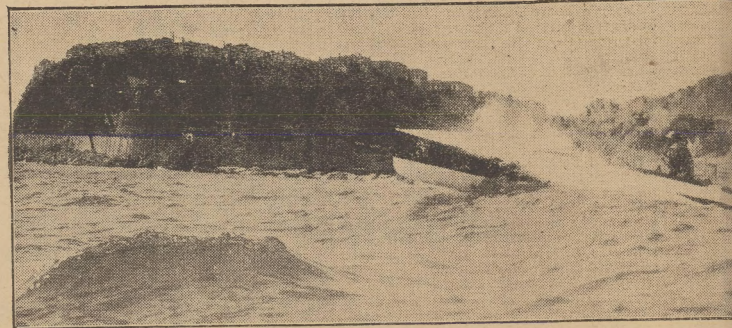
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

MISS ADA CROSSLEY, THE FAMOUS SINGER, MARRIED



A host of people distinguished in musical and other circles gathered at Marylebone parish church yesterday to witness the marriage of Miss Ada Crossley, the celebrated Australian contralto, who was married to Dr. Francis Muecke. Our photograph shows the bride leaving the church.—(See page 4.)

MOTOR-BOATS RACING IN ROUGH WEATHER AT MONACO



La Madriote, the racing motor-boat, leaving Monaco Harbour during the hundred kilometre race. The machinery was flooded, and she broke down. All the other boats also had to abandon the race on account of the weather.



Four boats of the cruiser squadron coming out of Monaco harbour during the race to Nice. The weather was so rough that one boat was wrecked, and the race had to be abandoned.

La Marguerite, the racing motor-boat, driving the race. The weather was so rough that one boat was wrecked, and the race had to be abandoned.

"MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

YESTERDAY.



day, when Miss Ada
saw the bridal couple

ACO.



as were so heavy that her
of the rough weather.



of the cruising motor-
off Cape d'Arl during
r and his mechanician
he Customs officers.

BLIND AUTHOR OF WINDSOR WORKHOUSE.

Deep excluded. These will sympathize with my feelings they I was impatient one morning (after a long and almost futile struggle with death and a longer and still more indeterminate period of convalescence. I might indulge in short rambles). I must insist however the Doctor had said that are not near. Gladly would that fate be rebuked my heart over to. This is a pretty one. Best of what I went to the the handle table politician. He usually, of course, knows more of the doings of the political world than the general public has, more or less to his credit by public opinion, as expressed through the press.



Ernest Stockdale, a blind inmate of Windsor Workhouse, who is struggling to pay back the cost of his maintenance by writing stories. At present his work is done in Braille type, and has to be rewritten for him by a friend, but an appeal is being made for a typewriter printing ordinary type with which he can type his stories.

BUILT ON GROUND WORTH £1,000,000.

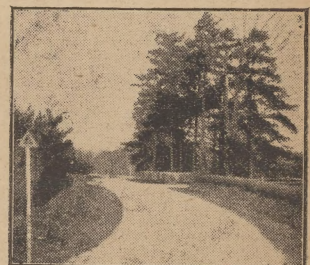


This little Dutch church, which is in Austin Friars, off Throgmorton-street, will only accommodate 200 people, but so immensely valuable is land in the centre of the City of London that the trustees were offered £1,000,000 and a new church in the suburbs in exchange for the site.

MOTORISTS' TERROR.



P.C. Waghorn, who stopped the Duke of Fife because his motor was travelling at thirty-four-and-a-half miles per hour, and the instrument used for finding the speed at which the Duke's motor was travelling.



On the Brighton road, near Bolney, where the police trap which caused the Duke and twelve other motorists to be stopped was laid.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.



Although in her ninety-first year, the Baroness is still indefatigable in the cause of charity, and she organised the Stafford House concert given yesterday afternoon in aid of the Oxygen Hospital.—(Elliott and Fry.)

"THE GRAND DUKE SERGE AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN."

Stern, Yet Touching Allegory Written by Father Gapon in Condemnation of the Murdered Grand Duke.

According to an American paper, this very striking allegory, which has been distributed broadcast in Russia, is the work of the famous Father Gapon, who led the people to the Tsar's Palace on "Vladimir's Day."

It is certainly a remarkable effort, well calculated to rouse the feelings of the peasants and workmen of Russia against their Romanoff rulers.

In yonder far away place, where heaven and earth meet, a curious procession creeps along slowly, laboriously, silently—vast rows of cadaverous men swathed in ragged uniforms and with bare feet. Their cloaks are too short, their head-coverings either too large or too small; only a few boast boots without soles, or gloves without fingers. Thousands hobble on crutches, or carry their heads under their arms. And all faces wear the hue imposed by misery and thievish commissaries—pale, ashen, the uniform of death and starvation. Others are without arms, or minus leg, ear, eye, or tongue.

"ONE WHO DIED FOR THE TSAR."

"It's a far cry—to heaven, Gawrill," whispered one in the crowd to his mate. His head was bandaged, and he walked with the utmost difficulty on a single crutch, his left arm and left leg being shot away. "And Gawrill," he continued, "you are quite sure that we are bound for heaven; that the colonel and the generals are not deceiving us as they have been doing ever since the war began?"

"Being only a common soldier, I am not certain, Nicholas. Yet I long to go to heaven—the hope of heaven alone kept me alive in those long days and nights of suffering in snowbound Manchuria, when for weeks and months and months upon months we saw nothing but death and wounds, heard nothing but groans and curses, felt nothing but hunger and cold and exhaustion. If I have no other claim to eternal bliss I will say to the gatekeeper: 'Behold one who died for the Tsar and Russia, for the saints and the Church—let me in.' A poor devil like me won't take up much room. To heaven, Gawrill, to heaven!"

As Nicholas pronounced these words a gust of wind passing by carried them to the ears of all who preceded and followed him. And they took up the cry: "To heaven, to heaven!" And saying and singing this: *Sioessess, Gripenberg's, Stackenberg's, Keller's, and Kuropatkin's* men marched on in the nebulous mist of the strange landscape.

ST. PETER WITH HIS LIST.

Suddenly the ringing of bells and chanting of pious litanies arrested the ghostly army's progress. The men stood still to listen. "Some great church event going on," they said to one another. At that moment the clouds parted, and they saw that thousands of miles below lay a great city.

"Gawrill, an exalted one must have departed life. Hear the clamour of bells—thousands must be ringing at once. And yonder procession of princely in garments of cloth of gold, in silks and ermine! See, Gawrill, the soldiers in parade uniform."

"It must be the funeral of a Prince," said Gawrill. "If we ever reach heaven, Nicholas, I suppose we will find the angels waiting there for his Imperial Highness to conduct him to the Throne of God."

Many more weary miles the troopers marched, until at last they reached a beautiful valley, at the far end of which rose a majestic gateway, flanked by colonnades.

"Brother Nicholas," cried Gawrill, "there are

the gates of heaven!" The masses of dead Russian soldiers marched right up to heaven's gate, and, coming near, saw St. Peter sitting outside with a roll of paper in his hand, from which he read long litanies of names. And whoever was called walked in joyously.

The poor soldiers were almost within reach of the heavenly goal, when a dark-visaged, proud man came strutting after them.

"Nicholas," whispered Gawrill, "it's Grand Duke Serge. I recognise him both by face and figure and by his manner of treating the common people."

The Grand Duke took no notice of the frightened, cringing soldiers but walked straight up to heaven's gate and introduced himself to St. Peter.

"Grand Duke Serge, Governor of Moscow, Aide-de-Camp General, Honorary Colonel of numerous regiments," etc., etc.

St. Peter listened with a surprised air. "Repeat that name," he said. "Never heard it before, and don't think that it is on my lists."

Now it was his Imperial Highness's turn to be astonished. "I am Grand Duke Serge," he repeated, "uncle of the Tsar of All the Russias, adviser to the Crown, instigator of the war against the heathen Japs."

Again and again St. Peter turned his leaves, but finally closed the book with a bang and said: "As I surmised, thou art not on my lists. Hence thou wilt have to wait until God sends word to admit thee."

Grand Duke Serge repeatedly tried to attract the good Saint's attention, but Peter as often motioned him to keep quiet, and only when the last of the

soldiers had gone into heaven he advanced anew toward Peter.

"Art thou now ready for me, good Peter?" he asked in an attitude of supplication.

"It all depends," replied the Saint; "let me see, what was thy name? Somehow or other, it won't stick in my memory."

"Grand Duke Serge, uncle of the Tsar."

"Serge, Serge," mused Peter, consulting his index. "As before said, thou art not on my lists."

"And when, pray, will my name be inscribed?" demanded Serge. His impetuous nature was about to break through the veneer of humility, and Peter looked upon him with pity and indignation.

"When the last echo of the sufferings that thou hast caused thy fellow men has died away," said Peter impressively; "when all the wounds inflicted by thee upon the bodies and souls of men; when all the widows that denounce thee for robbing them of loving husbands; when all the women and girls that thou didst cause to be knouted have lived down and forgotten the wrong thou didst them; when every tear shed on account of thy crimes is dried and turned into a rose; when men, women, and children no longer go about shuddering at the name of Serge, then the Lord, in His infinite grace and kindness will set thy name upon my lists, then thou wilt be permitted to enter the hall of glory; not before."

"But how long may that be?" faltered Serge.

"I am afraid thou wilt have to wait a long while—a hundred, a thousand, a million years, perhaps, but it can't be helped."

And Peter shut heaven's gate in the Grand Duke's face.



The Grand Duke on his way up the steps of Heaven.

[From the "New York American."]

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"MONSTROUS" INCOME-TAX.

I have voted steadily for the Conservatives for twenty years. I shall never vote again for anybody.

Last year Mr. Austen Chamberlain said the income-tax was too high, and the payers of it had the "first claim to relief."

This year he finds that tea drinkers have a better claim, and he leaves income-tax at its present monstrous figure.

The Liberals are delighted. Shall we never have a Common-sense Party? JULIUS SANDBY.
Hall Moon-street, Mayfair.

THE MEANING OF HELL.

There is not a single passage in Old or New Testament that teaches the orthodox Hell of the pulpit.

It is true the Bible speaks of "Hell," but would the teacher of eternal torment say Christ went there (see Acts 2 and 3)?

The Hell of the Bible means total destruction—see the word "death" in Romans 6 and 23, and "perish" in John 3, 16. This is just the reverse of "life in torment." F. W. FULLER.

WOMEN DENTISTS.

To doubt the right and ability of the modern woman to undertake any calling she has a fancy for is the act of a rash, though brave, man.

One can only ask with wonder what attractions the calling of a dentist has for the hitherto considered "gentle" sex? A friend of mine who studied dentistry in Paris once told me that among the students were several women, who were generally more callous than were the men to the sufferings of their patients. SUMU CUIQUE.
Liverpool.

SHORT HOURS AT SCOTLAND YARD.

I think the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard ought to consider the convenience of the public more than it does.

It is only open between ten and four. Now I live near Epsom, and my office is in Leadenhall-street. It is very difficult for me to get to Westminster during the busy hours of the day.

I cannot send a clerk because the articles lost must be identified by the owner. Nine to seven would be more sensible hours. C. H. M.
Banstead, Surrey.

A PAINFUL CONTRAST.

I cannot help feeling disgusted with the striking contrast between two cases in to-day's *Daily Mirror*—one of a baby allowed to starve for the mere sum of sevenpence a week, and the other of whippet dogs fed on the best of food to the extent of 3s. a week.

It seems to me that men do not care who starves so long as they obtain their pleasure.

Is there no law to stop this betting on Sundays? One does not hear of horse-racing in this country on the Sabbath. Why should dog-racing be permitted? A READER WITH A HEART.
April 10.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

It is a sad fact that a large number of unintellectual people should attend classes at £20 a course (or something of the sort), and then consider they are qualified to contend with all sorts of malignant diseases.

They have not apparently closely studied the New Testament, of which they proudly inform us they are the proper exponents. I. Cor. 12 chap. 8 and 11: "For to one is given through the Spirit the word of Wisdom and to another the word of Knowledge according to the same spirit; to another Faith in the same spirit; and to another gifts of healing in the one Spirit," etc.

In Christian Science they all think, having attended classes at so much per head, that they have the power to heal! GRATEFUL TO DOCTORS.

Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXI.

Cecilia played her part poorly that evening. She knew it herself just as well as the other members of the company did, and she felt painfully convinced that she had nothing of the real actress in her nature. For one thing, Jack Hallows was not in the stage-box, and it was curious how his absence affected Cecilia; she lost all confidence in her own powers. She hesitated and faltered in her lines.

Paula, watching her protegee from a box, frowned and bit her lips. She had expected something different from this, and the stage-manager, when she went out during the first long act to see him, shook his head despondently.

"I think your presence must make Miss Melwyn nervous, Mrs. Chesson," he said gravely, "for she is playing very badly to-night. I cannot imagine what has come over her; after her brilliant performance yesterday and the day before it is absurd to be suffering from stage fright."

Paula agreed, but she had soon to concern herself over more personal matters, for when she went

back to her box to see the end of the first act she found Julian Darell sitting there. He had followed her down to Plymouth, just as she had fancied he would.

"Julian, this is very annoying," she began, flushing up a vivid crimson. "You have no business to turn up here. I left town to avoid you; why can't you leave me in peace?" She clenched her fingers tightly round her fan. Her manner was stirred and agitated.

The man made no reply for a second, then he looked Paula Chesson straight in her eyes. "I could no more help coming," he said simply, "than you can help being glad to see me."

The woman returned no answer, but her eyes shone and her bosom heaved.

The curtain fell on the last act of "The Puritan Girl." Cecilia had somewhat recovered herself, and had done the part more justice in the second act than in the first, but she was trembling with nervousness, and thought no one could have acted or sung worse. She dashed into her dressing-room, feeling assured that the chorus girls and other members of the company must be mocking at her in their hearts. She had been raised by popular caprice to a giddy height, but a height from which she must fall, for Cecilia was certain she could not sustain her triumph.

Paula was waiting for her in her room. It had been settled that Cecilia was to have supper with her friend, and that the two women were to drive back from the theatre together, for Paula had taken rooms at her protegee's hotel.

"Didn't I act badly?" exclaimed Cecilia. "Oh, I feel so hopelessly ashamed of myself—and after all the fuss the papers made about me, too." Tears came into her blue eyes, her distress was very evident, also she had a strange feeling that if Jack Hallows had been there to applaud and encourage she would have got through her part brilliantly as before.

"You were nervous," said Paula soothingly, "but you made a sweetly pretty Puritan, dear, and looked the part to the life. Listen, Cecilia." The woman laid her hand on the other's shoulder and dropped her voice to a low whisper. "Julian Darell has followed me down to Plymouth, just as I thought he would, and I've been foolish enough to ask him back to supper. Now you must promise not to leave me alone for a moment with him, for he has a weird, strange power over me, the power a man always has, I suppose, over the woman who loves him, and I feel weak to-night—foolishly fond and weak."

Cecilia shrank under Paula's hot touch. Intensely pure-minded and innocent, she could hardly understand the pass the other woman had come to, nor realise what the mysterious power of passion was. She remembered how Montague Stone had warned her, and how lightly she had listened to his warning; but now she felt quite certain that the man was right. She was not accustomed to the false atmosphere in which she found herself, nor to women like Paula. Since her marriage Cecilia had mixed only with men, artistic comrades of her husband. Now she felt sick and frightened. The ways

and manners of the chorus girls had jarred upon her, and she had felt doubtful of the mutual relationships of some of the company, but Paula had always stood up in her mind as a grand protecting figure, a high-minded, honourable woman; and now this friend in whom she trusted was dragging Cecilia into the coils of a miserable intrigue. The girl hated the idea of the supper party and the part she would have to play at it, yet she never for one second thought of failing Paula; only it seemed to her, standing up in the soft grey of her Puritan garb, that the world was a very evil place, and she longed to get away from the glare of the footlights, and from the band of light-hearted merrymen who surrounded her, these strange grown-up children, whose principles were so lax, yet whose kindness was so genuine.

"Must he come back to supper, Paula?" Cecilia murmured doubtfully. She put a long cloak over her dress as she spoke, then gave a final rub to her cheeks with a damp sponge, for she hated to leave the least trace of paint on her pale, delicate face. "Of course he must," Paula Chesson returned quickly. "For mercy's sake let me have one more happy evening—just another few hours to remember." She picked up the rouge-stained hare's foot from the little dressing-table and applied it skilfully, then laughed as she caught sight of Cecilia's horrified expression. "Never make up, as you find," Paula added, with a laugh; "but I'm afraid of looking white later on, for I can assure you I feel pretty faint and sick. Emotion—really strong (Continued on page 11.)"

THE CHILDREN'S CRY.

An Original Suggestion for Dealing with Hunger and Want of Work.

By CECIL RALEIGH.

The Saviour said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

We say: "Suffer, little children!" And we let them suffer.

Sir John Gorst and Dr. Macnamara found them doing it in a particular case, and they rushed foot to the nearest local authority. They asked for bread, and the local authority gave them an inspector. The inspector, after inspecting, reported that the parents of the children were thoroughly able to provide them with bread, but they preferred to spend the money upon gin, horse-racing, and other things.

In natural sequence there follows an emotional debate in the House of Commons, in the course of which it is asserted, no doubt truly, that a million children in our elementary schools live under insanitary conditions, and are ill-nurtured. After that a Bill is introduced by Mr. Charles Hay, providing for the feeding of children in elementary schools at the expense of the ratepayer.

A NATIONAL BURDEN.

Regarding the burden that the ratepayer has already to bear, the ratepayer will probably be torn between his desire to do his Christian duty and to avoid the Court of Bankruptcy.

To begin with, the ratepayer will probably say—and it cannot be denied that he will say reasonably—"If the children of the State are to be fed by the State, the funds should be provided by a great Imperial tax—a tax that will fall upon every citizen, not upon the ratepaying class alone."

I submit that it is perfectly clear to every reasonable mind that the educating and the feeding of the children must come from the nation as a whole. Not only is this justice, but it is a necessity, because the new burden is far beyond that which the ordinary ratepayer can bear.

And, moreover, the burden will increase. We have determined, and are already educating the children of the nation at the national expense. Now we are going to feed them at the national expense, but if it is bad for the State that the coming generation should be ill-educated and ill-fed, it is equally bad for it to be ill-housed in unsanitary dwellings and to be ill-clad in inclement weather.

A STUPENDOUS EXPERIMENT.

The nation cannot stop at free meals when once it has determined to become its own national nurse. We are face to face with a stupendous socialistic experiment. We need not be the least alarmed because it is socialistic, but we ought to realise exactly where we are going before we start. It is difficult to suggest any alternative, but one of the necessary arguments on behalf of the present case may perhaps supply it.

It was said in Parliament the other night that parents who could support their children and did not do so ought to be punished by law. Now, suppose we go one step backward and say that parents who do not educate their children ought to be punished by law—might not this supply the solution to the great elementary education difficulty? It is in connection with elementary education that religious strife invariably comes in and where the largest amount of money invariably goes out. We provide a great deal more education than the average child wants, for the sake of the few intelligent exceptions, and we dare not teach 300 children religion because one Freethinker objects.

Now, instead of giving our money to elementary schools, why should we not give it to the parents

themselves, and let them find the instruction for their children? We might reasonably say, "A child of seven years of age must be educated in the interests of the State. It must be able, at the age of seven, to pass such-and-such an examination. If it can pass the examination, the parent can claim from the State a fixed sum for the child's education. If the child cannot pass the examination, then the parent will be punished."

The parent who had enough intelligence to object to denominational education would be equally well able to teach the child at home. The parent who did not care would send the child to the Church or the Chapel school. The State would then be free to devote the whole of its energies to its secondary or technical schools, into which the religious difficulty does not enter.

THE CRY OF THE PARENTS.

But, having got to the point to which all logic leads, there is but one straight path beyond. If in simple common sense we put bread and education upon one level, when we insist upon the parent providing both for the child, we shall come inexorably to the moment when the parent will say to the State:

"The child looks to me for education, house, and food. You say that you will exact them in the child's name. Very good. But if you make a demand upon one hand, you must enable me to satisfy it on the other. It is not just to demand the impossible. I am a worker, and I want work. I am starving myself, how can I feed my child? If I starve it is not a crime, but if my child starves you say I shall go to prison. Justice for justice. To buy bread for my child I must have money. I have no money unless I earn it by work. I have no work. Demand for demand. Give me work."

Here we get down to the bedrock of civilisation. We leave the hungry child, and we go to the starving father and mother. The State must provide for them before it threatens them.

I believe the most ardent educationists would admit that compulsory education has not been a stupendous success, and now the wheel is coming full circle. Once you take from the parent any part of his responsibility the rest must follow. And it is following.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HOME.

The true solution is not to interfere with the natural duties and prerogatives of the parent at all, but to care for the parents themselves.

"Wisdom falls from the lips of babes and sucklings." Perhaps a national message has been spoken from the mute faces of the suffering little ones, whose hungry eyes drove Sir John Gorst and Dr. Macnamara to angry haste upon their merciful mission.

But the cry of the children was not for a Board school breakfast and a local borough bed. The place for the child is its home. For the home is the unit of the community—the home, and not the individual—the home which should be the true ambition of the citizen—the home which the State should help him to preserve and to safeguard.

When the State does its duty by its men, it can safely leave its women to do their duty by their children.

CECIL RALEIGH.

A DEPRESSING EXPERIMENT.

All honour to the Granville Barker-Vedrenne management at the Court Theatre for giving us chances to see now and then plays out of the common. But in producing the "Trojan Women" of Euripides they have rather overshot the mark.

It is a drama full of woe. The Greeks have taken Troy. The carrying-off of Helen has been terribly avenged. All is wailing, misery, and lamentation.

Professor Gilbert Murray's translation is full of beauty, but its effect on the stage is monotonous. Not even the acting of such clever players as Miss Wynne-Matthison and Miss Edyth Olive, or the fine voice of Miss Marie Brena can make us feel anything but mournful and depressed.

implied hint that she should get up and leave the man and woman to themselves. But Cecilia held her ground firmly. She was not going to fail Paula—Paula, who, conscious of her own weakness, was trusting to the protection afforded by Cecilia's presence.

"You can come round and see me to-morrow morning," Julian," observed Mrs. Chesson. She rose from her chair as she spoke and began to sweep up and down the little room, obviously disturbed and ill at ease. She looked very handsome in her white satin gown with its touch here and there of sable, and diamonds glittered in the coils of her red-gold hair and caught up the laces at her breast.

"To-morrow? Oh, I shall be away early to-morrow," returned Julian Darell. Then he looked at Paula with dark pleading eyes. "Put on some warm cloak, and come out for a stroll," he asked. Paula Chesson hesitated. She went from red to white and from white to red, frowned, and bit at her full, red mouth, and glanced irresolutely first at Julian Darell and then at Cecilia. At last she appeared to make up her mind.

"Yes, I will come with you for a little walk, Julian," she said in hoarse tones, "and hear all you have to say. Sit up for me till I return, dear," she added, addressing herself to Cecilia, "for I promise not to be very long. I just want to get a little whiff of fresh air and hear what Mr. Darell has got to say. But you will be sure and wait for me?" Paula's voice was the voice of an anxious

(Continued on page 13.)

CURING ILLNESS WITHOUT MEDICINE.

"Now, as was rightly stated, physical culture is at the moment almost a craze, then how doubly necessary is it that the profession should point the public to satisfactory sources of direction. The Sandow Treatment to my knowledge is most cautiously applied, and with results so uniformly successful as to be surprising. I have seen cases (sent to Eugen Sandow, by the way, by leaders of our profession) entirely cured where a long course of drug treatment had quite failed to produce the least improvement."

Dr. ROBERT BESWICK, M.R.C.S. Eng., L.S.A., in the "Lancet," December 24th, 1904.

Whether it is possible to cure illness without the use of medicine is one of the most eagerly debated questions of the day. Opinions, in some quarters, still seem to be divided upon the question, and columns on columns of the Press are devoted to wearisome discussions of it. Surely, apart altogether from the testimony of some of the greatest physicians, the remarkable success that has attended the Sandow methods of curative treatment by natural means alone is proof convincing to even the most sceptical, that at least in the more common ailments of to-day, the value of medicines has been greatly over-rated, and that in many of them their use is absolutely unnecessary. In such everyday illnesses, for instance, as those which are the result of some derangement of the digestive or nervous systems, the cures effected by the Sandow Treatment in thousands of cases have been a cause of astonishment even to the most enthusiastic of Eugen Sandow's admirers.

Cures Almost Miraculous.

For years the Sandow Treatment has been effecting cures that savour almost of the miraculous, and entirely without the use of medicine. His successes even in very stubborn cases have from time to time been so remarkable that the medical profession has been led to take the keenest interest in his methods, and many distinguished doctors have investigated the Treatment personally, and given expression to the most glowing eulogies on its success in cases that have come under their own notice. So convincing, indeed, have been the cures wrought by Eugen Sandow's methods of treatment that many physicians have actually advised their own patients to undergo a course of the Treatment, and always with the most gratifying results. The Sandow Treatment, in fact, has fully proved in the most practical manner that many illnesses are amenable to successful treatment without the use of any medicine whatever. It is the practical demonstration of a theory that has long been recognised by the more advanced school of medical thought.

The Best Guarantee.

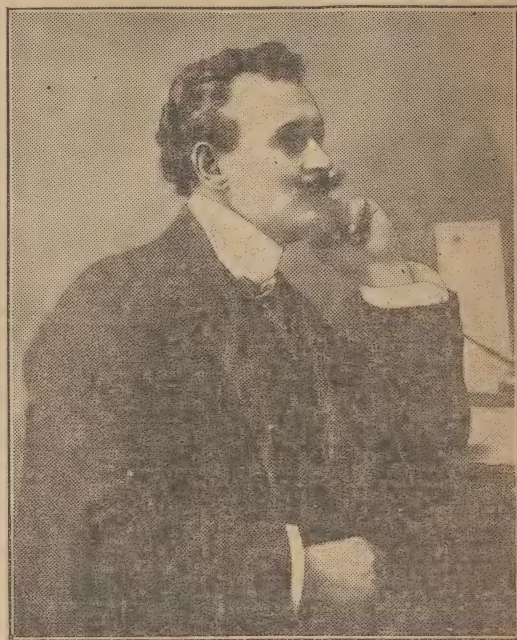
Naturally, however, it would be sheer madness for people to rush blindly to anyone who chose to advertise a method of curative treatment without medicine, for it is one thing to recognise the benefits to be derived from natural laws and a vastly different thing to know exactly how to control and direct those laws. The record of the Sandow Treatment is a sufficient guarantee that the treatment is no mere empirical or tentative system, but one that is the result of careful and serious thought, and a unique knowledge of the body and its requirements. Most modern ailments can be cured by natural means without the use of medicine or drugs, but the patient must be sure that the treatment he or she selects is the outcome of wide experience, extensive and accurate knowledge, and the highest skill, and that it has already achieved what it claims to accomplish. The thousands of grateful letters which, as a distinguished writer recently

phrased it, rise like "a swelling chorus" of gratitude to the Sandow Treatment, the support of the medical profession, and its many successes leave no doubt as to the efficacy of the Sandow Treatment.

A Practical Illustration.

As a specimen of the advantages of natural curative methods let us take, for example, a case of constipation. This most distressing ailment generally arises from the weakness of the muscles of the intestines, which are not sufficiently strong to enable them to cause evacuation. The result is much waste matter remains in the system, and where the disease is very far advanced the suffering is very acute. Medicine may temporarily stimulate these muscles into action, just as a horse goaded by whip and spur may hold out for a time, but ultimately collapses. In the same way, the muscles of the bowels may be stimulated by medicine, but as a result they become gradually weaker and weaker, stronger doses are required, and ultimately they break down altogether. It is entirely different with the Sandow Treatment. It is directed in such a way that it makes the muscles of the intestines gradually gain strength and vigour, so that they are able to perform their duties in a perfectly natural and healthy manner.

Similarly, too, with indigestion, medicine and a semi-starvation dietary are mistaken methods of



Mr. Eugen Sandow, the man who has proved to the satisfaction of the medical profession that most common illnesses can be cured without medicine.

treatment. The origin in most cases of dyspepsia is to be found in the weakness of the "grinding muscles" of the stomach, so that they are not sufficiently active to be able to assist in the process of digestion. To keep pampering them is to weaken them still further. What is wanted is to restore them to normal health and vigour, so that the operation of digestion becomes quite easy. Just as the biceps become soft and flabby if not constantly exercised, so the muscles of the stomach deteriorate if lighter and lighter foods are given them to digest. The Sandow Treatment makes them strong, and in this way cures indigestion permanently.

Cures All Common Ailments.

The Sandow Treatment, in fact, may be described as a toning up of the muscles of the region affected by disease. It also promotes a vigorous and unimpaired circulation of the blood throughout the whole body, and in this way repairs the waste that is constantly going on. In fact, in all such common ailments of the present day, such as indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, and nervous and functional disorders, the Sandow Treatment effects a safe, speedy, and permanent cure.

Write For This Book.

Everyone therefore who suffers from indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, or nervous and functional disorders, can easily hear of a sure and permanent cure. It costs you nothing. All you have to do is to write to Eugen Sandow, Dept. D.M., 17, Basinghall-street, London, E.C., for a copy of his interesting book, entitled "Curative Physical Culture." It is beautifully printed and well illustrated, and should be read by every sufferer from any of the above ailments. When writing, please mention the name of the Daily Mirror.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

emotion—plays havoc with a woman's looks, there is little doubt of that."

Paula looked her best an hour later. Excitement had stimulated all her faculties, and she laughed and talked incessantly. Her eyes glittered like diamonds, and she held her red-gold head superbly.

Cecilia felt herself very small and pale by the side of the magnificent Paula, but she was thankful that Julian Darell had little attention to give her, for she remembered how he had stared and studied her the first day they met at Paula's house. Now, however, he could hardly take his eyes off Mrs. Chesson.

The situation had got very strained when supper had been cleared away and the little party settled down to drink their coffee, for Cecilia was painfully conscious that Julian Darell wished her away, also that Paula disliked her presence, though she so earnestly desired her to stay, and had taken her so fully into her confidence.

The clock struck twelve. Julian Darell lit a cigarette with shaky fingers, then looked steadily at Paula.

"I am afraid it is fearfully late," he muttered, "but you are not going to get rid of me directly, Paula. There are things I want to talk over with you, purely personal matters." His glance swept over Cecilia, and the girl felt the



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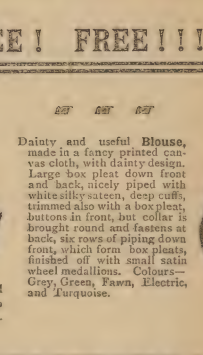


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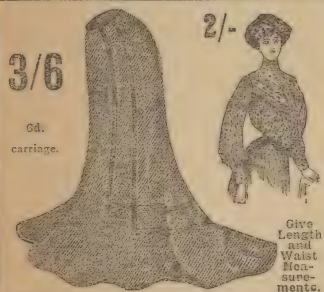
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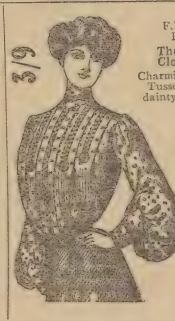
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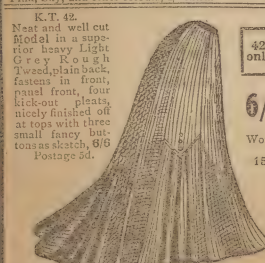
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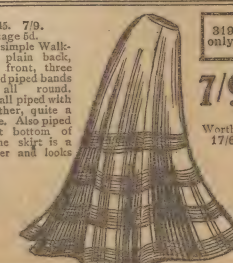
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FACE UNGUENTS TO SUIT VARIOUS COUNTENANCES.

"I wish you would give me a recipe for a cucumber cream ointment," said Belinda's mother when Mrs. Templer had finished her directions for making a lotion for freckles. "One of my friends had a most lovely complexion and told me that during the spring and summer she used a home-made cucumber cream, but she always refused to give anyone the recipe."

Cucumber is certainly admirable for whitening the skin," replied Mrs. Templer, "and many women use it in the simplest form by rubbing a slice of cucumber over the face after they come in from a walk. But there are others who object to its stickiness, and I gave Belinda a formula the other day for a home-made cucumber cream which I have advised her to use, especially during the hot days of summer."

Belinda took out her note-book, in which she was preserving Mrs. Templer's valuable recipes. "Slice two large or three juicy small cucumbers very finely with a cucumber cutter," she read

aloud, "and do not remove the peel. Then put three ounces of almond oil in a double saucepan, filling the outer one with water and allowing it to come to the boil, when the oil will be sufficiently warm to receive the slices of cucumber. Let this simmer gently for three hours and stand for twenty-four hours till quite cold."

"Next day repeat the process and use fresh fruit in the oil that has been strained through fine linen. Now melt half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and one ounce of lanoline. Heat all the ingredients together till thoroughly melted, and beat with a silver fork or egg-beater till cold. During the beating process add one teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin and pour the result into pots."

"I may add that cucumber cream is one of the best cosmetics for a delicate skin that suffers from

oil. "Now take the pan off the fire and remove the jar containing the melted ingredients. Then add, literally drop by drop, one pint of rose water, and stir the cream until this is thoroughly incorporated. Lastly, perfume the cream with half a drachm of otto of roses, and pour it into glazed



A lovely rest gown of azure crepe de Chine, decorated with cream point d'Alencon lace and soft satin ribbon, threaded through mother-of-pearl slides.

sunburn," said Mrs. Templer. "This should be rubbed all over the skin at bedtime, and a piece about the size of a handkerchief should be placed on a flannel and applied to the face next morning instead of soap. Before going out into the sunshine the cucumber cream may again be rubbed on the face, and in this way the most delicate skin should be preserved from sunburn."

"May I have a recipe for an ordinary cold cream?" asked Julia. "I should like one with almond oil as this seems to suit my skin."

"An excellent rose cold cream is compounded as follows," replied Mrs. Templer, "and if you wish to make it up in any large quantity use these proportions: Place one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti in a double boiler, as directed in the manipulation of the cucumber cream, and when these are melted add gradually one pound of almond

pots. "And what cream am I to use for motoring?" asked Belinda's mother. "Ought I to have a special one for that?"

"If, by any chance, the cucumber cream should not suit your complexion—and I must warn you that many skins require individual treatment, and a cream that is beneficial to one complexion may prove absolutely injurious to another—anoist your face with the following prescription," replied Mrs. Templer. "Melt sixpennyworth of white vaseline in a double boiler, and then add three drops of simple tincture of benzoin and half a teaspoonful of powdered borax."

"Stir it well and add two teaspoonfuls of oil of sweet almonds and a tablespoonful of melted white wax. Take it off the fire, and add five drops of geranium oil, beating it till cool. This cream should not be much thicker than whipped cream, and if it is too stiff beat it again, and add a teaspoonful of almond oil."

(To be continued.)

tired, but remembered her promise to wait up till Mrs. Chesson returned.

She closed her eyes and suddenly fell asleep, and in her dream she met and spoke to Jack Hallows. They seemed to be in a garden together, a garden full of sunshine and flower. But what was Jack Hallows whispering, what was revealed so clearly in his eyes?

She woke up with a start, then she flushed as she remembered her dream, and was startled to find how quickly her heart was beating.

Steps on the stairs aroused her to a sense of present things, and the sound of voices uplifted in conversation told Cecilia that Julian Darell and Paula Chesson were retreating from their midnight stroll.

Cecilia started to her feet as the two came into the room. Paula looked very pale, but Julian Darell's cheeks were flushed, and his eyes gleamed, or so Cecilia fancied, with triumph.

Paula swept up to the girl and kissed her lightly on her forehead. "Oh, little Purita—little Puritan," she whispered. "You shouldn't have let us go out together—you really shouldn't. The night is too subtle—the breeze too intoxicating. I have given Julian the promise he asked—the promise to leave my husband later on for his sake."

Paula whispered the words in low, tremulous tones; the woman was shaking all over with unrestrained emotion.

Cecilia felt faint and sick. She could not understand how the flaming wings of passion were raising Paula Chesson above shame and above convention. She drew back a little from her embrace and fixed big and reproachful eyes upon Julian Darell.

The man felt dimly ashamed of himself. It was as if a pale, sad saint were asking him what wrong he meditated towards the soul of Paula Chesson. "Good-bye, Mr. Darell," Cecilia said slowly, her voice full of chill reproach. Then a sudden idea struck her, and she held out the letter she had written to Montague Stone.



To wear with a forestier green suede cloth skirt a coat to match is smart. The one sketched has a collar, cavalier cuffs, and a little simulated vest of green velvet and dull gold braid trimmings down the front. A cavalier lace stock and jabot is added.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

and troubled woman, and the pupils of her eyes were widely dilated.

"I will wait up for you," returned Cecilia slowly. Then she watched Paula envelop herself in a long grey opera-cloak which reached to the ground, and draw a lace shawl over her head.

She watched the man and the woman pass out of the room together—pass out God knew to what dangerous and terrific confession of love; and Cecilia's whole soul grew sick within her. She had never come so close to evil before, and she flushed hotly at this contact with guilty love; it offended her purity of heart.

She suddenly made up her mind that she must escape from her present surroundings.

"I must get away from this life, I must get away," Cecilia muttered the words softly. Then she thought of the suggestion Montague Stone had made, and the sanctuary of his aunt's house appeared a very haven of refuge.

Cecilia sat down and wrote a letter to Montague Stone, in which she told him that she had decided after all to leave the stage when the tour of "The Puritan Girl" came to an end, and would be thankful to live with his aunt if he really thought that she would prove a suitable companion.

Yet, even as she signed and addressed her note, Cecilia made a definite resolve in her heart to be true to Paula Chesson all through her life and to be the other's firm and loyal friend.

"For she saved me—she saved me from God knows what," Cecilia murmured to herself, "and I can never be grateful enough to Paula. If she is ever in trouble—grievous trouble—I will be the first to help her if it be in my power to do so, or at all events I could give her sympathy and love."

Cecilia sat down on the sofa and leaned back against the red plush cushions. She was achingly

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"Will you post this for me, please?" she asked simply. Her decision was absolute. Let her leave the stage, the scene of her brief triumph. She was resolved to return to a life of simplicity and peace.

(To be continued.)

OUR READERS MUST NOT MISS THIS CHANCE.

Baker Booby Again to the Front.

On page 12 readers will find some further record-breaking bargains submitted by Messrs. Baker Booby and Co., of Wanstead. As mentioned previously this firm are absolutely the largest manufacturers of blouses and costumes in the world. Special attention is drawn to their extraordinary offer to send any reader of this paper only for the small amount of 21s., a complete costume, and give, free of charge, a charming hat, blouse, B.B. corsets, moreen underskirt, and an exquisite lace collar. Calculating as you like, it is difficult to see how it can be done, but the firm pledge themselves to send the whole parcel on receipt of 21s. All the other articles on the page are of equally astonishing value. The only condition imposed is that orders will be dispatched not later than the 19th of April, as at 5 p.m. on that date the offers are entirely withdrawn. Note address:—Baker Booby and Co., Wanstead.

N.B.—If you have not already seen their wonderful catalogue of blouses, etc., suitable for Easter wear, do not waste another moment but send for it to-day.

George, Miles, Noon, Pearson, Windmill, Leake, Wilkes, Brawn, Garraty, Hampton, Bache, Hall, and Cantrill. Spire is also a certainty.

WHY YOU ARE NOT TALLER

HOW YOU CAN BE TALLER.

A Rational and Scientific Method of Increasing Height from 1 to 2½ inches, with added Bodily Strength, Vigorous Health, and Grace and Symmetry of Figure. This is offered to MEN and WOMEN of all ages.

WHY YOU ARE NOT TALLER.

The average individual is fully 1½ inches below his possible height. Why is this? Read on.

The bony framework (the skeleton) has a number of muscles attached at various points. These muscles are intended by Nature to perform certain functions, one of which is to hold up the spinal column in position, such as when standing erect.

There are two kinds of muscles—those that stretch (the Extensors) and those that fold up (the Flexors) the body.

We come into the world doubled up. At this stage of our being our Flexor muscles are relatively stronger than the Extensor muscles. Nature decreed it so. The infant continues to demonstrate this fact, until by its kickings and stretchings its Extensor muscles are made equally strong. This co-ordination between the Extensor and Flexor muscles enables the child to stand, to walk, and to run.

The child has a natural upright carriage of body up to the time of its going to school—it is here where the mischief begins.

At school natural movements are restricted, the child is made to sit in a doubled-up position at the desk the greater part of the day. The Flexor (or folding-up) muscles are thus unduly exercised and developed, whilst the Extensor (or stretching) muscles are neglected.

We have only to look at the present-day schoolboy or schoolgirl of 14 to 17 years of age to see the results of this faulty education. Seventy-five per cent. of boys and girls on leaving schools are more or less doubled up, round-shouldered, flat-chested, and lop-sided. This clearly indicates that the Extensor muscles have been neglected. The exceptions owe their good fortune either to their own endeavours, influenced by sensible parents, or to a true teacher of the art of body cultivation.

As time goes on this tendency to "fold up" the body becomes an unconscious habit, and as the practical study of the physical side of life forms no part of the modern business career, the majority of men and women go through life as stunted beings. As old age approaches, their forms become still more bent; hence the expression by old people, "I am not so tall as when I was younger."

Why you are not taller should not be difficult to understand. The spinal column is—or should be—supported when in an upright position by the Extensor muscles acting in co-ordination with the Flexor muscles. Now, if these "folding-up" (Flexor) muscles are stronger than the Extensors, it is obvious that the "column" must be "pulled out of shape," and consequently shortened in height—like a bent stick; and, further, the growth of the bones and the general bodily structure is stunted.

Thus we have a double influence working against the attainment of the full standard of height, and the possibilities of beauty of form and grace of movement. Women attempt to overcome this want of natural contour and grace by the artificial aid of the corset.

This unnatural shortening of stature is not a mere matter of personal appearance, however. It has a much more serious consequence.

The individual who is not as tall as Nature intended cannot possess that full measure of health, strength, and vigour of mind and body which is his birthright.

Now, the main support of the structure is the spinal column. And if this has become shortened by the undue influence of the Flexor (folding-up) muscles, the body "sags" in the middle when standing or sitting—the back becomes rounded (see white figure of left-hand illustration), consequently the vital organs within the abdominal cavity are displaced and disorganised, whilst the heart and lungs in the chest cavity are restricted in their action by the flattening of the chest wall.

The black figure in this illustration (from life) shows increase of height and physical improvement obtainable with the Extensor Apparatus.

Round shoulders mean not only decreased height, but a flat chest and protruding abdomen. A flat chest indicates restricted lung room, which is the cause of much physical trouble, especially poorness of blood, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, and sluggish circulation, and weakened nervous strength.

Protruding abdomen means displacement, compression, and disorganisation of the vital organs contained in the abdominal cavity.

HOW YOU CAN BE TALLER.

This subject is not a mere paper theory, but is a scientific fact, which can be proved by the reader by a simple experiment:—

Do this now without altering your usual habit of posture: Stand with back slightly touching

the wall. Make no attempt whatever to alter your ordinary pose of the body at this stage of the experiment. Now ask a friend to place some flat article—say, a book—perfectly level on your head so that one edge touches the wall, then ask him to make a mark on the wall where the lower edge of the "book" touches; this will show your ordinary height. Now stand with heels, buttocks, the whole width of shoulders and head, all touching the wall; in other words, stand upright (see black figure of left-hand illustration) and stretch upward as high as you can. Let your friend make another mark on the wall in the same manner as before. Between the two marks you will find a difference of from one to two inches—according to the ordinary bent condition of your frame.

This experiment involves a conscious effort, and only serves to show the difference between the bent and straightened frame. This conscious effort, with its increase of height, can be transformed into an unconscious habit. This is only possible by studied physical exercise, and it is obvious that a system of exercise must be logical and based on scientific lines to succeed in its main object of correcting decreased height and stunted growth.

Experiments have demonstrated that the quickest and most effective method of true body culture is to set up a form of resistance to the opposing forces of the body (Extensor and Flexor muscles), thus harmonising the strength of the muscular system.

The best method of resistance is that which directly affects the muscles of the spine—the mainstay of the structure—and for this purpose a special apparatus is absolutely necessary.

A perfect system of exercise must give the greatest possible stretch (not contractions, as some theorists advocate) to the whole muscular system. The stretch also must be made from either the top or bottom of the muscle-fibres, as the principal muscles lie perpendicularly between the head and the feet. So a machine that has a resisting force between these points must set up a natural antagonism between the muscular forces of the body. This antagonism is the law of physical life.

Such a system and appliance are now offered to you, and they are the result of seventeen years of successful practical study of the physical side of life.

WHAT THE CLEASE "EXTENSOR" APPARATUS WILL DO FOR YOU.

1.—It will straighten your frame by equalising the strength of the Flexor and Extensor muscles: in other words, the additional strength given to the Extensors will transform the habit of stooping to that of holding the body erect, thus adding to your figure from 1in. to 2½in. additional height. It will restore the cartilage cushions of the spine to their natural elastic shape and condition, which means graceful carriage and symmetry of the body, firm but elastic step, protection for the nerves from unnecessary jars while walking (thus removing the cause of nervous headaches and other disorders that result from an unnaturally crooked spine).

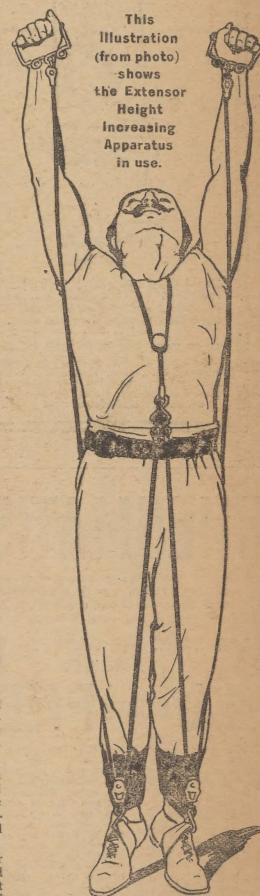
2.—It will increase the capacity of the lungs 150 cubic inches in about three months, so that your lungs will absorb twice as much oxygen as they do in their present physical condition, consequently your blood will be purer, and contain twice as much life-giving nourishment. Thus not only will the strength and growth of the bone and muscle be increased, but the vital organs will be made healthy and functionally perfect by this additional nourishment and strength in the blood. By increasing the capacity of the lungs it will increase the chest in depth and circumference, transforming a "billiard-table" chest into one of a "globular" shape, which is synonymous with perfect health. An increase of from 2in. to 4in. in measurement is guaranteed you in three months.

3.—It will reduce a corpulent abdomen from 3in. to 6in. in three months, thereby restoring to their positions intended by nature (and stimulating their action) the various organs within the abdominal cavity that have become displaced by the protrusion, thus removing the terrors of indigestion, constipation, appendicitis, liver, kidney, and bladder troubles.

4.—It will give you a clear skin and a bright eye, which are characteristics of perfect health. Lost vitality, mental activity, and general bodily vigour are restored by its use in a few lessons. Superfluous flesh or fatty tissue is transformed into pliant and healthy muscle by conscientious and systematic use of this apparatus.

5.—It will improve your personal appearance 100 per cent., with the satisfaction of knowing that it is real and natural, not artificial and unnatural (à la fashion plate). It will give to ladies—age immaterial—a beauty of figure and grace of carriage unattainable by other methods. The same result can be assured for awkward and ungainly men.

To be healthier you must be taller. A correct carriage of the body is essential to good health. To possess a correct carriage means you must be taller—the Clease Extensor Apparatus will make you from 1 to 2½ inches taller.



This Illustration (from photo) shows the Extensor Height Increasing Apparatus in use.

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Daily Mirror, April 12, 1905.
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Mr. H. Burton.
(From a Photo.)

Crown Hotel, Henley-on-Thames. Gentlemen—The Magic Foot Drafts that I have had from you have quite cured me, and I shall recommend them to all my friends.—Yours faithfully, H. BURTON.

on the soles of the feet, and out of the system. It is an easy way to get quickly and permanently rid of this horrible and painful complaint, so send to-day and get 4s. 6d. worth free. You take no risk, and send no money, only name and address—MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., 413, Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



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Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO. LTD., at 12, Whitefriars-street, E.C.—Wednesday, April 12 1905.